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©1994 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. *Camry XLE V6/Best car built in America. *Automobile Magazine*, March 1993. **To help avoid serious injury, always wear your seatbelt. Driver and front-passenger air bags are a supplemental restraint only. †Manufacturer's suggested retail price w/o freight for DX 5-speed. Actual dealer price may vary. Camry XLE V6 shown with optional equipment. ††J.D. Power and Associates 1993 and 1994 New Car and Light Truck Initial Quality Studies. 1994 study based on a total of 44,016 consumer responses indicating owner-reported problems during the first 90 days of ownership. Most Camrys are built in America.

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FEBRUARY 13, 1995

TIME

VOL. 145 NO. 6

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

TO OUR READERS.....	4
LETTERS.....	8
CHRONICLES.....	19
MILESTONES.....	23

POLITICS: And Away They Go!	24
In the G.O.P. race for '96, Dole revs up his campaign	
Making Book on Clinton: New details about his life.....	27
LOBBYING: The Company He Keeps	28
Controversy surrounds the networkings of Newt Gingrich	
THE STATES: Devolve and Conquer	30
The nation's Governors have found a Congress that loves them	
MEXICO: Bailout Bill	34
Clinton bypasses Congress to avert a financial panic	
MIDDLE EAST: Seizing the Dove	36
At a symbolic summit, the peacemakers agree to talk more	
EUROPE: Under Water	37
The Rhine overflows and an epic deluge tears at Holland's dikes	
RUSSIA: The Faces of War	38
There are no victors in the ruined capital of Grozny	
JUSTICE: Dreams and Tears	44
In opening testimony, prosecutors tarnish O.J.'s glitzy image	
TRAGEDY: The Fatal Shore	51
A family's mourning only compounds its loss	
PUBLIC EYE: Barbra at Harvard	51
Streisand, an amateur policy wonk, defends her right to think	

COVER: Scenes from the Stone Age	52
Exclusive photos of perfectly preserved 20,000-year-old paintings just discovered in a French cavern offer a remarkable glimpse into the life and times of early humans	
Beyond Caves: The astonishing breadth of ancient art.....	64

DIVIDING LINE: When Civil Rights Go Wrong	70
The N.A.A.C.P. has outlived its usefulness and should be abolished	

THE ARTS & MEDIA	
Dance: Led by Britain's Dorey Bussell, a dazzling new generation of ballerinas is bringing back the magic.....	72
Television: Retracing the great black migration north.....	75
Theater: Molière comes to Broadway's rescue.....	75
Sport: Basketball's Grant Hill talks—and acts—no trash.....	78
Music: Harvey Milk's life makes for uninspired opera.....	79
<i>Lolita</i> the opera has less music than <i>Lolita</i> the novel.....	79
Cinema: Jackie Chan takes a lickin' and keeps on kickin'.....	82

PEOPLE	89
ESSAY	90

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Politics: Dole waves a canned ham and runs for President



Russia: The battle for the city of Grozny intensifies



Cover: A rhinoceros romps on a cave wall in Vallon-Pont-d'Arc



Justice: Nicole Brown's life is entered into evidence



Dance: Young ballerinas backstage in New York

T O U R R E A D E R S

WHEN TIME HIRED JOSHUA Quittner to write about information technology, we knew we were getting a savvy reporter. What we didn't realize was that we were also getting a corporate raider. For an article in *Wired* magazine last fall, Quittner found out that McDonald's was one of several big corporations that had not registered their company names as domain names on the Internet (those letters that follow the @ symbol, identifying the sender). After trying in vain to find a company executive who could tell him why, Quittner simply registered the McDonald's name for himself.

When the article appeared, McDonald's realized it had goofed and tried to get its name back. Quittner offered to relinquish the name if McDonald's would pay to have P.S. 308, a magnet school in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, wired to the Internet on a high-speed connection. Last month, the company agreed. "I took two information have-nots," says Josh, "and turned them into information haves."



INFORMATION HAVE: Quittner offers an inside perspective on the world of cyberspace

With Quittner's arrival, TIME has definitely become an information have. He comes to us after eight years on the beat at *Newsday*, where he wrote a weekly column called "Life in Cyberspace." Says Philip Elmer-DeWitt, who pioneered

the info-tech beat at TIME before being promoted last fall to senior editor: "Josh not only knows his way around cyberspace—and can write about it with grace and wit—but he's amazingly prolific."

Indeed he is. Quittner, 37, wrote his first story for TIME—on people returning their holiday computer gifts because they didn't work—a week before he was scheduled to report for duty. HarperCollins has just published his third book (written with his wife, Michelle Slatalla), *Masters of Deception: The Gang That Ruled Cyberspace*, about an on-line "war" between hacker gangs. Quittner, who got his first computer in 1979, has watched the interest in his field grow exponentially. "People who used to be afraid of computers now can't seem to get enough of them," he says. "Writing about this stuff has become very mainstream." We're happy Josh is around to help TIME navigate the waters.

Gregory Vach Long
President

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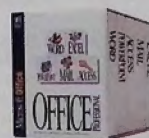
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LETTERS



Wired Democracy

"Congress is becoming a poll-watching, poll-taking Babel, far from the independent deliberative body envisioned by the Founders."

Duane Robertson
Orangevale, California

YOUR REPORT ON ELECTRONIC POPULISM hits the bull's-eye: contemporary communications systems too easily accommodate everybody's reactions to everything [COVER STORIES, Jan. 23]. Senators cite percentages gleaned from phone and fax communications from the citizenry to prop up their points. TIME doesn't help with its frequent telephone polls. It is high time we give our representatives some breathing space to legislate without constant reference to the whimsy of the popular opinions of the moment. Even if 50 million people say a foolish thing, it is still a foolish thing.

David M. Powers
Briarcliff Manor, New York

SOME POLITICIANS ARE IN TOUCH WITH the people, and some are not. However, a hyperdemocracy is more of a good thing than a bad thing. The architects of the U.S. government wanted it to be of the people, by the people and for the people. Politicians like Newt Gingrich are trying to expand the involvement of the people in the process. If you close the government off, all you will get is social discord, and members of Congress who are isolated will receive a one-way ticket back to their home districts.

Lacey Rayner, age 15
Modesto, California
AOL: LaceyLR

A PROBLEM IN OUR PSEUDODEMOCRACIES is lack of access to those making decisions on our behalf. Having representatives make laws for citizens has merit. But in such a system, we lose the input of others who may be more qualified than the legislators to judge, or we may fail to hear from those who will be affected. A pure form of democracy does exist in a country of economic and political stability: Switzerland. Why haven't more countries imitated this model? The answer lies in the type of person attracted to politics in the democratic system, which bestows power, prestige and privilege. Politicians are not about to volun-

tarily give up their status. We have to change the system; we have to change the people representing us. The revolution is incomplete.

Terry Vulcano
San Ignacio, Belize

WE GREAT UNWASHED HAVE BECOME cynical and disillusioned about representative democracy. Politicians promise us anything, only to toe the party line and defer to the bureaucracy once elected. Until we personally feel we have some real input into the political system, we will remain as cynical as we are.

Lance C. Gunnlaugson
Kelowna, British Columbia

USING ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATIONS is not against the intentions of the Founding Fathers, nor does their use create a substitute direct democracy. Discussion is the strength of democracy, and it is protected by the First Amendment. Increasing discussion and giving ordinary citizens direct input do not take the power of legislation out of the hands of the people's representatives.

Peter Zvagulis
Munich

DON'T CALL IT HYPERDEMOCRACY. Today's political scene is mobocracy, with the know-nothings of talk radio in charge. The Fairness Doctrine may give Americans some respite from the cheap, the vulgar, the mean and the ugly, and is our only hope.

Mildred P. Katz
Manhattan, Kansas

HOW IRONIC IT WOULD BE IF, AFTER successfully defending the U.S. from so many outside threats during the past two centuries, we Americans, through our access to easy intercommunication, have acquired the means to irreversibly damage our country.

Skip Snyder
Beacon, New York
AOL: choclac

The Kings of Call-In Shows

YOU ASK, "IS RUSH LIMBAUGH GOOD FOR America?" [COVER STORIES, Jan. 23]. You bet! Right down to the bone.

Jim Black
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

RUSH LIMBAUGH IS AS GOOD FOR US AS the secondhand smoke bellowing from his big mouth!

(The Rev.) Keat B. Yeoh
Seattle

IS TIME GOOD FOR AMERICA?

Mark S. Rutledge
Plano, Texas

THE INCISIVE REASONING AND INSIGHTS of Rush Limbaugh are meat and potatoes. You and your ilk have starved the people long enough.

Matthew Lanser
Beaver Dam, Wisconsin
Via America Online

THE RADIO-TALK-SHOW CROWD GENERALLY consists of big mouths and small minds. Put enough of these people together, and you see one of the most frightening things in a free society—ignorance in action.

Joseph P. Huskins
Athens, Georgia

YOU PRESUPPOSE THAT AMERICAN listeners do not have the intelligence to separate entertainment from the real issues being discussed. For too long the national debate has been controlled by editors, reporters and television personalities. Now Americans have the opportunity to control the debate merely by picking up the telephone. We are empowered to voice our ideas without prepackaging by out-of-touch media.

Dominic J. Cotugno
Voorhees, New Jersey

WE CAN ALWAYS TURN OFF RADIO OR television shows we do not like. Battered bureaucrats and messianic technocrats have been short-circuiting the Republic for decades.

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Yeltsin's Nasty War

THE RUSSIANS ARE GOING TO WIN THE civil war in Chechnya [RUSSIA, Jan. 23]. Interference by other countries would prolong the time before an inevitable Russian victory and cause more deaths.

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Derry, New Hampshire
AOL: JQWebb

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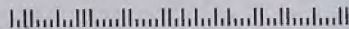
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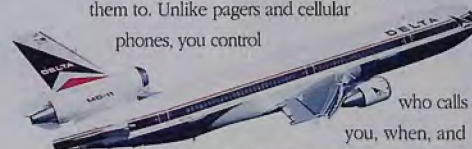
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 **MERCURY**

Ahmed S. Kahn
Lombard, Illinois

Badge of Honor?

THANKS TO BARBARA EHRENREICH FOR defending the word *bitch* in relation to Hillary Rodham Clinton [ESSAY, Jan. 23]. A woman should feel honored when the word is applied to her. It means that she has been assertive and her efforts have not gone unnoticed.

Nancy L. Naugle
Auburn, Alabama

Too Much Representation?

As readers pondered the emergence of a wired democracy [COVER STORIES, Jan. 23], they reflected on whether these developments erode the



Founding Fathers' dream of representative government in the U.S. They do not, maintained Kenneth Richmond of Philadelphia. "Henceforth, the role of the politician will be that of a polltaker, as the Founders intended," he wrote. In Connecticut, Leigh Engen was less optimistic about the effectiveness of new technology. "It's an impossible dream," he commented. "While James Madison may have touted a representative government capable of 'cool deliberation,' the truth is that there are just too many of us. Pure democracy wouldn't have worked in Madison's time, and it won't work in ours either." However, Mason Logerot of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, believes we must bow to progress. Says he: "We finally have the technology to give everyone a direct voice, something that our Founding Fathers could only dream about." But Logerot sees the risks: "I shudder to think that everyone will get a say in their government!"

BITCH IS AN INSULT TO HILLARY CLINTON, who is a brilliant, attractive and feminine First Lady.

Lucy Eerdmans
Manchester, New Hampshire

THE TICKET FOR HILLARY: A FIRM STANCE
and a cry of "I am bitch: hear me roar!"

Ben Himes
Chesterland, Ohio
AOL: HimeyB

Public Television's Value

NEWT GINGRICH, POET LAUREATE OF THE Yahoos, wants to stop federal funding for Public Broadcasting Services [TELEVISION, Jan. 23]. He calls public television a "sandbox for the rich"—as if Big Bird were watched only by the kids of millionaires. PBS takes only a tiny fraction of the national budget, but this crude man would rather spend money on pet projects like Star Wars.

: Richard Jackson
New Baltimore, Michigan

TELEVISION'S GREAT POWER TO ENLIGHTEN has been surrendered to the crass hucksterism of commercial television that bombards us daily. PBS is the one bright spot in the vast wasteland. It may be broke, but it sure ain't broken.

Bruce Garver
Murrieta, California

Slashing Black and White

I ENVY ROBERT HUGHES FOR THE FUN HE must have had while writing that delightfully pretentious twaddle about the overblown black-and-white chicken scratches of Franz Kline [ART, Jan. 23].

Edward A. Nodiff
Philadelphia

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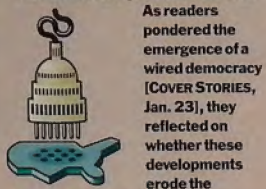
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IT'S TOO LATE FOR YET lessons. Before invasions should have reminded in Afghanistan and the ist armies nearly 50 Chechens in the mid should seek a human Chechnya. The Soviet stan led to the fall of the invasion of Chechnya Russian Federation. Chechnya raise serious peace. Is the cold war

Badge of Honor?

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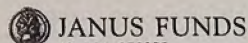


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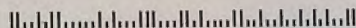
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—Kiplinger's Personal Finance Magazine

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CHRONICLES

THE WEEK

JANUARY 29 - FEBRUARY 4

NATION

Clinton Rescues the Peso
President Clinton used his emergency powers to craft an economic rescue package for Mexico intended to avert the possibility of loan defaults that could ignite financial panic throughout the hemisphere. The President thus neatly bypassed congressional opposition to his original proposal of \$40 billion in loan guarantees. Despite some grumbling on Capitol Hill, the President's move received support from both the Republican and Democratic leadership (and a sigh of relief from many members happy to be freed from having to vote on a controversial aid package). For the most part, Mexican financial markets reacted favorably to the President's announcement.

Trade Skirmish with China
Washington announced punitive tariffs on \$1 billion worth of Chinese products, ranging from plastics to cellular phones, in retaliation for Beijing's failure to resolve a dispute over the piracy of American patents and copyrights. China, which sells about 40% of its exports to the U.S., swiftly counterpunched, saying it would then impose retaliatory tariffs on American compact discs, cigarettes and other items.

Congress's Week

The House overwhelmingly approved—by a bipartisan vote of 360 to 74—a G.O.P.-sponsored bill that would restrict Congress's ability to impose new unfunded mandates upon the states. The majority ignored objections from some Democrats that the measure would weaken federal protections for the poor and the environment. Minor differences need to be ironed out with the Senate before the legislation goes to President Clinton.



MUSEUM PIECE OF THE WEEK: *Enola Gay*, the plane that atom-bombed Hiroshima, has wreaked lesser devastation at the Smithsonian. Whose views matter?

INSIDE WASHINGTON



Coming: A New Top Banana at the World Bank

The White House is searching for a new World Bank president to replace **LEWIS PRESTON**, who is stepping down because of illness. (He was appointed by George Bush in 1991.) The world's single largest financial institution, and the primary lender to developing countries, the bank is facing threats of funding cuts from a Republican Congress eager to reduce foreign aid. Among the top contenders for the post: Citibank executive William Rhodes and Stanley Fischer, No. 2 at the International Monetary Fund.

WINNERS & LOSERS



BOBBY NOESA
Faux O.J. helps earn Fox its top movie rating to date

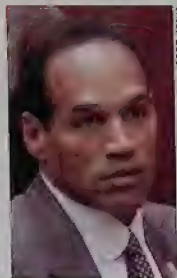
THE PESO
90-lb. weakening of world currency revived by Clinton bailout

ROBERT HOLLAND JR.
New Ben & Jerry's CEO earned his title with a poem

O.J. SIMPSON'S ID
Witness is allowed to recall O.J.'s murderous dreams

FRANCIS L. LAWRENCE
Rutgers president is latest public figure to utter a racial slur

VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKY
Hideous as his image was, *Playboy* interview makes it worse



The Great Right Hope

For almost two decades Jack Kemp has been touted as a President waiting to happen. And yet, and yet...



1970 Kemp, a former pro quarterback, enters Congress as a G.O.P. Representative from Buffalo, New York. "Finding Jack Kemp was like finding the Holy Grail," boasts Al Belanca, Erie County Republican chairman.



1976 Kemp makes a name for himself with the new right as an apostle of supply-side economics. Sells presidential candidate Ronald Reagan on the idea.

1980 Hopes for a new-right dream ticket are dashed when Reagan passes up Kemp for the vice-presidential nomination in favor of allegedly reformed moderate George Bush. "Kemp could be what John F. Kennedy was to the 1956 Democratic convention—the guy who turns heads and will be heard from again," says a Reagan campaign official.

1981 Supply-side apotheosis! Reagan's income-tax cuts become law; Kemp is hailed as one of the chief congressional architects.

1984 Reagan re-elected; many on the right look forward to having Kemp as their standard-bearer in 1988 against Bush. Newt Gingrich says Kemp is "the most important Republican since Teddy Roosevelt."

1988 Kemp finally runs for the presidency on a platform of unadulterated supply-side economics and inner-city enterprise zones. As a campaigner, he is criticized for an egghead indulgence in winkspeak. Drops out of the race after a dismal showing on Super Tuesday.

1989 Appointed Secretary of HUD by Bush. The President's inner circle is put off by what they see as an unbecoming preoccupation with antipoverty initiatives.

1990 Urged to run for New York Governor; declines.

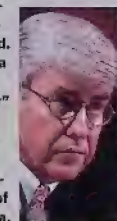
1992 After three years of being ignored by Bush, Kemp briefly enjoys the spotlight when the White House

decides it needs an urban policy in the wake of the Los Angeles riots. Despite being praised by the likes of Michael Kinsley, Kemp is named as the favorite for the 1996 nomination in a poll at the Republican Convention.



1994 Angers many on the right by coming out against the balanced-budget amendment, term limits and, most controversially, California's Proposition 187. Knocked as being out of touch with the new Republican majority.

1995 Begs off 1996 race, claiming a lack of appetite for fund raising; seemingly out of presidential politics for good. Mocked as a "political Dorian Gray" on the *Wall Street Journal*'s op-ed page, a one-time locus of Kempophilia.



ton, who has said he supports it. In the Senate, positions hardened over a balanced-budget amendment, as key Democrats sought to protect Social Security from future cuts and pin down Republicans on precisely how they would erase the deficit. Senate majority leader Bob Dole admitted he did not yet command the two-thirds vote needed for passage.

Clinton's Week

After bandying about the idea for weeks, President Clinton finally proposed a specific increase in the minimum wage: 90¢ over the next two years, to \$5.15. The proposal, if not already moot, is certain to ignite a major fight with congressional Republicans. A spat is also sure to erupt when the President formally unveils his \$1.6 trillion budget this week. While promising to eliminate or consolidate hundreds of programs and slash \$144 billion in spending over the next five years, the President's plans do not cut deeply enough to balance the budget by 2002, which Republicans vow they will do—though how remains to be determined.

New Top Doc

As a replacement for the controversial Joycelyn Elders, President Clinton nominated Henry Foster Jr., a Nashville, Tennessee, obstetrician-gynecologist and acting head of Meharry Medical College, to become the nation's new Surgeon General. The President said he wanted Foster, the founder of a Nashville program aimed at delaying teen sexual activity through counseling, job training and medical services, to focus on battling the nation's "epidemic of teen pregnancies and unmarried pregnancies." Conservative groups immediately labeled Foster "Elders Lite," because he supports the use of condoms. He has admitted performing "fewer than a dozen" abortions, but most congressional Republicans withheld their fire pending further study of his record.

Pressler Pulls Back

Daunted, perhaps, by critics brandishing the words witch-hunt and McCarthyism, Senate Commerce Committee chairman Larry Pressler withdrew portions of a questionnaire he had sent to National Public Radio asking, among other things, about the ethnicity and possible political leanings of employees. Pressler, a foe of federal financing of public broadcasting, said he had merely wanted to get a fuller picture of the organization.

The Simpson Case

The prosecution opened its murder case against O.J. Simpson by presenting witnesses and evidence intended to undermine his public image as a genial ex-jock with a portrait of a jealous wife abuser.

The Sheikh Goes on Trial

The nation's biggest terrorism trial opened in a Manhattan courtroom as prosecutors began making their case against Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman and 11 other Muslim men who are accused of having plotted to blow up key New York City landmarks in 1993 as part of an alleged holy war against the U.S.

A Euthanasia Acquittal

In yet another case testing the murky limits of both parents' rights and a patient's right to die, Gregory Messenger—the Michigan father charged with manslaughter for having unhooked his severely ill, premature baby from a respirator—was acquitted by a jury. Messenger said he was forced to act after doctors refused to heed the family's wishes. "We did what was best for our baby," said his wife.

The Other Washington

Facing an estimated shortfall of \$722 million, the equivalent of 22% of the city's budget, Washington Mayor Marion Barry announced his response: a severe diet of job cutbacks and reductions in



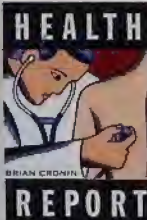
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THE GOOD NEWS

✓ In a recent study the number of pain episodes, hospitalizations and blood transfusions endured by a group of sickle-cell patients (whose misshapen blood cells can clog vessels) dropped by half when they were treated with a drug commonly used against certain blood cancers. The drug, hydroxyurea, boosted the proportion of healthy red blood cells in the patients. The effects of the drug, however, have not yet been studied in children.

✓ The number of new AIDS cases reported in the U.S. dropped 24% between 1993 and 1994, continuing a slowing trend in the spread of the disease. Certain groups, however, remain especially vulnerable; AIDS is now the leading killer of 25- to 44-year-olds (first for men, fourth for women).

Sources: CDC; National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute; Centers for Disease Control and Prevention; BAO; *Journal of the American Medical Association*; *New England Journal of Medicine*.



THE BAD NEWS

✓ Outbreaks of meningitis have increased in the U.S. over the past four years. Ten outbreaks of one strain of the disease were reported since 1991, compared with six over the preceding eight years. The U.S. does not routinely inoculate against the disease, in which bacteria invade the nervous system, because of the vaccine's ineffectiveness in young children, who are most vulnerable to infection.

✓ Researchers at a French sperm bank report a 2% decline in sperm counts each year over the past two decades, as well as a reduction in sperm quality. Reports of lower sperm counts have been controversial; some scientists argue that environmental toxins are responsible for the decline, while skeptics point to faulty methods of analysis.

JUST ASK MICHAEL JACKSON

441 don't know if politicians have the grip on reality that entertainers do.??—REPRESENTATIVE SONNY BONO (R., CALIF.)

TV Producer to DC: Drop Dead

Like most "Friends of Bill" who descended on Washington two years ago, Linda Bloodworth-Thomson has been upset by the shellacking President Clinton has received at the hands of the locals (not to mention the shellacking received by her husband Harry Thomson during the "Travelgate" fracas). But unlike most F.O.B.s, writer-producer Bloodworth-Thomson has her own TV show with which she can air her grievances: *Women of the House*, a Washington-set comedy that premiered last month. Below, from the first episodes, some possibly very heartfelt observations about that awful, awful place:



STAR DELTA AND AUTHOR LINDA

"Basically, there are four things they really hate in this town: the newly rich; happy people; movie stars; and hicks."

"These people around here, they just take everything so seriously. And they're all so tired and pasty looking too. You know, I'm not even sure some of these people are alive."

"Have you ever been to some of those congressional wives' luncheons? Some of these women are still wearing bubble haircuts and dickies."

"In Washington anyone who doesn't wear support hose is flamboyant."

"Nobody tells the truth in Washington, unless they're in an underground parking lot and terminally ill."

"Washington is the only town in America where the appearance of something is much more important than the reality. For instance, if you go into a public restroom and you come out too soon, you didn't wash your hands. If you stay in too long, you molested someone. If you stay in there just the right amount of time, you're sick."

"If Mr. Smith came to Washington today, you people would beat the hell out of him..."

city services. Potentially most painful, however, was his request that the Federal Government take on \$267 million in city Medicaid costs, and consider paying for even more services in the future. The appeal could reopen the question of how much home rule Congress should accord the District.

Smithsonian Nukes Exhibit
Yielding to critics, the Smithsonian Institution agreed to scale back—to the point of minimalism—its forthcoming exhibit marking the 50th anniversary of the atom bombing of Hiroshima. Angry veterans groups and members of Congress had charged that the exhibit incorrectly and inappropriately questioned the necessity of dropping the Bomb.

WORLD

Flooding in Europe
After days of freezing rain, the rivers of northwestern Europe surged over their banks to engulf towns and cities in Germany, France, Belgium and—worst hit—the Netherlands. Thirty deaths were reported across Europe, with total damages estimated at more than \$2 billion.

More Terror in Algeria

It was the worst bombing in three years of bloody insurgency. An explosives-filled car blew up in a busy Algiers street, killing 42 people and wounding 286. No one claimed responsibility for the action, but Algerian authorities blamed Muslim extremists who have been fighting to establish an Islamic state. An estimated 30,000 people, including 80 foreigners, have been killed since the fighting between militants and government security forces began.

Mideast Summit

In an effort to revive the flagging peace process, the leaders of Egypt, Israel, Jordan and the P.L.O. met in Cairo. At the top of their

agenda: a rash of terrorist attacks by radical Palestinian groups against Israeli soldiers and civilians, and the continuing expansion of Jewish settlements in occupied territory.

China Flunks Human Rights

In yet another setback for U.S.-China relations, a State Department report claimed that China made no progress on human rights in 1994. The sharply critical report called China an "authoritarian" state and pointedly detailed such abuses as mistreatment of dissidents, denial of fair trials, harassment of journalists and forced labor.

BUSINESS

Mixed Messages

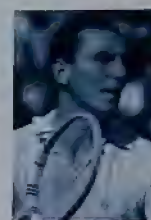
Trying to head-off strong inflation and an overactive economy, the Federal Reserve raised short-term interest rates for the seventh time in a year. But in a defiant sign of economic weakness, unemployment rose to 5.7% in January from 5.4% in December—the first real increase since June 1992.

SCIENCE

New AIDS Therapy

Several new studies were released indicating that giving HIV-positive patients a combination of powerful drugs may be the best way to combat AIDS. The double wallop of AZT and an experimental new drug, 3TC, effectively put off the appearance of drug-resistant strains of the AIDS virus in infected individuals by as much as one year (patients treated with AZT alone encounter resistance within a few months). Together, the drugs also kept the extent of the infection in check while allowing the body to boost its complement of virus-fighting immune cells. More studies are needed to determine whether these results will actually translate into a healthier and longer life for AIDS patients.

MILESTONES



PERRY IN 1933



ABBOTT IN 1992



PLEASENCE IN 1967



DURRELL IN 1984

HONORED. Former Presidents **HARRY TRUMAN** and **RONALD REAGAN**; with state-of-the-art aircraft carriers bearing their names, to be commissioned in 1998 and 2002; thanks to President Clinton.

DIED. GERALD DURRELL, 70, British conservationist and best-selling writer; of complications from a liver transplant; in St. Helier on the Channel island of Jersey. The self-described "champion of small uglies," Durrell founded the Jersey Zoological Park in 1958, where he bred endangered species to return to the wild—a controversial but ultimately effective program. Encouraged by his novelist brother Lawrence, he wrote a series of witty, educational musings on his life's work, such as *The Overloaded Ark* (1953) and the 1956 memoir *My Family and Other Animals*.

DIED. PATRICIA HIGHSMITH, 74, author of dark, psychological thrillers that attracted a cult following; in Locarno, Switzerland. Born in Texas and educated in New York City, she went to Europe to lead a reclusive life after the success in 1950 of her first novel, *Strangers on the Train*, which Alfred Hitchcock made into a movie. Highsmith's most famous character was Tom Ripley, an opportunistic and amoral gentleman-murderer.

DIED. DONALD PLEASENCE, 75, stage and screen star; in St.-Paul-de-Vence, France. A chameleon-like character actor who could be as meek as he could be malevolent, he was 40 when he won international notice as the repellent Davies in Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*. But his widest audiences were reached in more popular fare like *The Great Escape* (1963), *Halloween* (1978) and the James Bond film *You Only Live Twice* (1967) in which he played cat-loving archvillain Blofeld.

DIED. FRED PERRY, 85, tennis ace and the last British men's singles champ at Wimbledon; in Melbourne, Australia. The son of a trade unionist, Perry was viewed as something of an upstart in the elitist tennis world before he collected three consecutive Wimbledon crowns (1934, '36) and three U.S. Open titles (1933, '34, '36). The first court star to win all four Grand Slam events (though never in one year), Perry retired in the late 1940s. He co-founded a profitable sportswear company that sold the kind of natty tennis garb he favored.

DIED. GEORGE ROBERT STIBITZ, 90, computer pioneer; in Hanover, New Hampshire. In 1937, working in his kitchen, Stibitz cobbled together a primitive adding device out of dry-cell batteries, metal strips from a tobacco can, flashlight bulbs and telephone wires. Many consider it the earliest antecedent to the digital computer. Frustrated as a Bell Labs researcher, Stibitz eventually joined the faculty at Dartmouth.

DIED. GEORGE ABBOTT, 107, playwright, director, producer; in Miami Beach, Florida. Abbott was easily Broadway's longest-running hit—from a \$45-a-week turn as a soused college student in 1913's *The Misleading Lady* to the rethinking of his 1955 box-office smash *Damn Yankees* for its current revival. In between were well over 100 productions in which George Abbott was named somewhere in the program, including a succession of bona fide classics: *Where's Charley?*, *Wonderful Town*, *The Pajama Game*, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, *Fal Joey*. All of them were marked by what came to be known as the "Abbott touch," which eschewed psychological depth for a seamless, balletically precise progression of word, movement, song and stagecraft, all at a pace somewhere between high spirited and frenetic.

—By Lina Lofaro, Alice Park, Michael Quinn, Alain L. Sanders and Sidney Urquhart

TIME

■ POLITICS

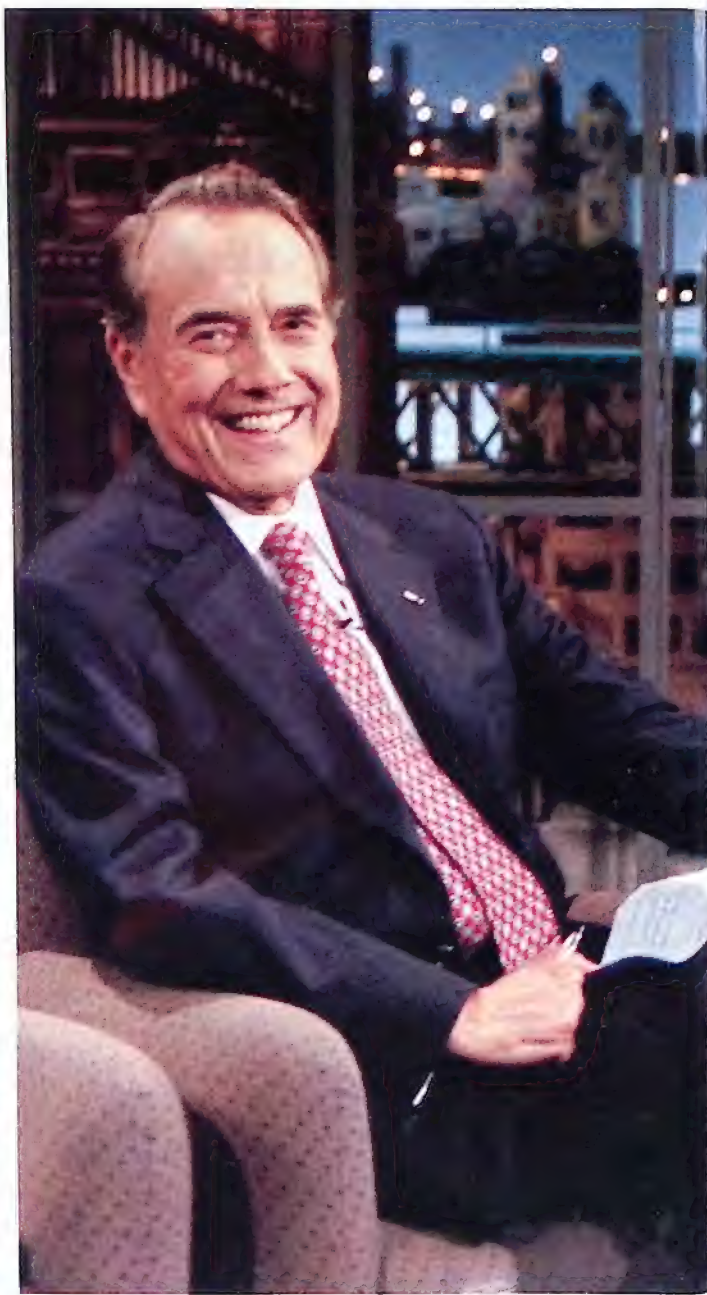
EYES ON THE PRIZE

As other Republicans make plans, Bob Dole revs up his campaign for the White House

By MICHAEL KRAMER

THE NEWS DIDN'T SURPRISE, BUT the forum sure did. Bob Dole has wanted to be President almost forever—this will be his third try—and an announcement was expected soon. But not last Friday night, and certainly not on David Letterman's *Late Show*. But why not? Richard Nixon said "Sock it to me" on *Laugh-In* in 1968, and later appraised his cameo as "a stroke that helped people see I wasn't just that Tricky Dick, mean-spirited son-of-a-bitch." So Dole took a page from the Nixon playbook, and for the same reason. If he feared that he's seen as stiff and sardonic, still perceived as a hatchet man by those who recall his slash-and-burn campaign tactics as Gerald Ford's 1976 vice-presidential running mate, well, then maybe he was right to use network TV's hippest show to lighten his image.

And make it official—or informally official, as Dole put it. Though he had hinted broadly that he planned to run in an interview with David Frost aired earlier that night on PBS, Dole's more emphatic declaration on the highly rated *Late Show*—and his witty bantering with the host—was



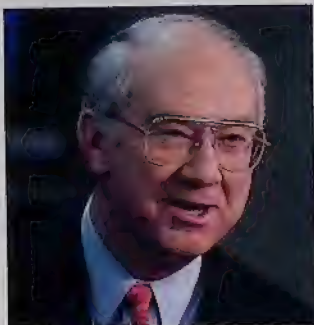
smart politics. "Well, I'm going to run. For President. In '96," Dole said in his familiar growl. "I thought about it a lot," the Senate majority leader added, "and I think every country ought to have a President." The studio audience loved it. And loved it even more when Dole stumbled through a special version of the show's patented Top Ten list. "We've cut everything 30%, so I've got a Top Seven list," Dole said. The subject: how to balance the budget. No. 7 suggested that Bill Clinton's speechwriters no longer be paid by the word. No. 1 was "Arkansas? Sell it." Introduced by Letterman as "an actual American hero," Dole astutely ended his 10-minute gig by acknowledging a friend in the audience, Frank Carafa, the former Army sergeant who had saved the future Senator's life by dragging the gravely wounded Lieut. Dole across a World War II battlefield. The emotional power was diminished only slightly by a by-product of the show's opening skit: Carafa, like the rest of the audience, was clutching a canned ham.

It was a far cry from the last time Dole began a presidential bid, in 1987, with a stark, conventional announcement from his hometown of Russell, Kansas. With 54 weeks to go before the New Hampshire primary, the Republican contest for President is lifting off quickly—and shedding its excess baggage almost as fast. Last week it was Jack Kemp's turn. The man who helped define Reaganism, the humane champion of free enterprise, decided not to run. "Many in the party," he told *TIME* recently, "have moved further to the right than I feel comfortable with. What I believe in—that we should include everyone—isn't much in fashion."

Kemp joins Dick Cheney, the former Defense Secretary, who quit last month, and conservative idea man William Bennett, who dropped out last fall. Most handicappers calculate that former Secretary of State James Baker will also soon decide to forgo the race. "It's the incredible shrinking field," says William Kristol, a top Republican strategist. "Others could still jump in, but we probably know who the candidates are." Namely: Dole, Texas Senator Phil Gramm, former Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander, former Vice President Dan Quayle, Pennsylvania Senator Arlen Specter, and possibly Indiana Senator Richard Lugar and one or two G.O.P. Governors. The wild card: Colin Powell, the former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs.

The race is forming early for several reasons besides Clinton's documented weakness. "There's such a thing, this year, as waiting too long," says Jim Cicconi, a for-

HE'S OFF: The Senator announcing on TV and letting his host offer himself up as running mate with a "Dole and Dumber" button



DAVID WALKER FOR TIME

mer Bush-Quayle adviser. "Money gets committed, operatives get committed and local politicians get committed." The need for speed is the result of a new campaign schedule that telescopes 23 primaries into the 35 days between New Hampshire's race on Feb. 20 of next year and California's on March 26. To run in the compressed window, big bucks are vital. Serious contestants will need about \$25 million by the end of this year to buy ads and pay staff.

Dole and Gramm both have strong organizations and the ability to raise money. Gramm is loaded, with \$5 million left over from his Senate campaign. The conservative Texan, who used his money to organize victories in recent straw polls in Louisiana and Arizona, plans to announce his candidacy officially in two weeks. Dole, with \$2 million, has opened a Washington office and begun to hire some well-known pros. Because he has run before and Republican primary voters have a history of rewarding those who persevere after earlier defeats, Dole is the front runner in every poll. There are rumblings of concern about his age (71), which may explain why he has floated the idea of pledging to serve only one term. But it's unlikely he would want to render himself a lame duck before he's inaugurated. Dan Quayle makes the top tier because of his prior service and ties to the religious right. However, the real tension so far, and probably the real contest as the battle progresses, is between Dole and Gramm. It wasn't long ago that Dole was considered the conservative's conservative. But compared with Gramm, Dole is a flaming moderate. After World War II, he spent several years in and out of Army hospitals, recovering from combat wounds, and he believes "government does a lot of good things." So his grudging enthusiasm for Newt Gingrich's anti-Washington "Con-

THEY'RE IN. Among those who have expressed intentions to run are Senator Phil Gramm of Texas, former Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander and former Vice President Dan Quayle



THE BIG IF. Retired General Colin Powell, at a school named for him in Texas last week, has spectacular poll numbers

tract with America" is hardly surprising. As for the contract's insistence that the budget can be balanced in five years even if taxes are cut and defense spending is increased, Dole has said diplomatically, "It would be difficult." In recent weeks, Dole has downplayed attempts to repeal the ban on assault weapons, and he appears genuinely repelled by the pain that the contract's welfare reforms could inflict.

If such views are out of sync with Republican primary voters, Dole the candidate may find himself further hamstrung by his Senate leadership role, which he sees as demanding that he support such unpopular but necessary steps as aiding Mexico's economy. Gramm, meanwhile, is virtually the Speaker's clone, and he regularly warns that Republicans must be "truer to our less-government philosophy than in the past." While Dole may be better positioned for the general election, Gramm is betting that the race for the G.O.P. nomination will represent a yearlong loyalty test to the party's right wing and that Dole is especially vulnerable on one important point. Unlike Gramm, who has never met a tax he liked, Dole has actually voted for tax increases. Indeed, he was a main backer of Reagan's 1982 hikes, the largest in history. Bush killed Dole on taxes in 1988; Gramm aims to do the same this time around.

Against such thrusts Dole offers "leadership." But in 1988 the media repeatedly pressed for exactly how he would lead and didn't get anywhere. "Lookit," he said in exasperation during that race, "I'm a leader. I lead. People are looking for someone with convictions who'll make decisions." If "leadership" alone wasn't enough for voters after eight years of Reagan, it has some appeal against the feckless Clinton. But Dole has to survive an ugly primary campaign first, in which leadership may not matter at all.

As Dole and Gramm and the others scramble, they're looking over their shoulders at a retired general. At this point, Colin Powell is looming rather than running, but his shadow is huge. Powell's approval ratings (more than 80% of voters across the political spectrum) would make him a formidable G.O.P. candidate. Of course, Powell could run as an independent, which is where most political pros think he'll end up

if he makes the race. For now, he appears content to finish his memoirs, command \$60,000 a speech and answer questions about his future with teasers like "You'll see me around." He seems to be taking some advice from a bulletin board at Colin L. Powell Elementary School in the Houston suburb of The Woodlands, which he dedicated last week with a moving speech exhorting the kids to do right, work hard and take care of one another. Underneath a time line of Powell's career, a title neatly cut from a construction paper observes: SUCCESS WILL COME WITH TIME.

And yet hints of Powell's interest are emerging. He has met privately with Dole and Massachusetts Governor William Weld, and he's chatted with Ross Perot. In his secretary's office are some POWELL in '96 and WELD-POWELL bumper stickers sent by supporters. Several draft-Powell committees claim his celebrity could permit him to enter the race late and allow him to run on the cheap without the need for much paid advertising—or the fund raising that forces others to jump now. Powell is remaining aloof, but he hasn't asked them to stop. "He seems to have moved," says a Democratic strategist, "from the denial phase to the coy phase."

Powell is so free he could even run as a Democrat, but if it comes, a challenge to Clinton in the primaries seems more likely from other quarters. Bob Kerrey, whom Clinton beat in the 1992 Democratic primaries, stung his former rival last November when he declared the G.O.P. stampede a "severe, sharp and obvious repudiation of the President." House Democratic leader Richard Gephardt upstaged Clinton's call for a middle-class tax cut by offering his own plan only two days before the President proposed his—and Gephardt rubbed it in when he said he'd take his orders "from America's houses, not the White House." Even Senator Bill Bradley, a cautious moderate, piled on last week. "I think that people are going to look at the President in the next six to nine months," Bradley said, "and they're going to make an assessment as to whether they believe he can do the job."

"It's all smoke," says a Clinton adviser. "I worry about Dole, not Democrats. And what I worry most about Dole is that he might keep his mouth shut this time." Worry on, Dole said recently: "I know what can do me in." He may—finally—but those are the very words Dole used in 1988, not long before slamming Bush as "a qualified loser who has nothing to worry about except where he's going to go next on Air Force Two." If Bob Dole wants to keep his sense of humor, perhaps he should consider spending a little more time with David Letterman, canned hams and all.

—Reported by Laurence J. Barrett, Michael Duffy, Mark Thompson/Washington, J.F.O. McAllister/San Antonio and Karen Tumulty/New York

Making Book on Clinton

A MEMOIR BY BILL CLINTON
FIRST IN HIS CLASS



THE SCENES ARE POLITICAL-FAMILY GOTHIC THAT READ AS IF Tennessee Williams had written them. While riding on the campaign trail, the congressional candidate and his wife get into a screaming match in the car. He punches the dashboard; she slaps the seat. At a stoplight, she suddenly leaps out, and the car roars away. In another scene, years later, a guest in the politician's home overhears him singing a lullaby to his one-year-old daughter: "I want a div-or-or-or-orce. I want a div-or-or-or-orce." The Governor raises the subject of divorce with fellow Governors whose marriages have broken up. Eventually, the marital spats in the Governor's mansion grow so loud the employees want to run away and hide.

The specific anecdotes may be new, but the former Arkansas Governor portrayed in the meticulously detailed *First in His Class*, a forthcoming Clinton biography by Washington Post staff writer David Maraniss, is a familiar one. The book depicts Clinton as a lover and a fighter and also a smart, eager-to-please, indecisive political animal who was White House bound from early on. But the book, which is due out in March, resuscitates some more troubling issues as well: that as an elected official Clinton used state troopers to help him get sex, and as a presidential hopeful he tried to cover up his earlier efforts to avoid the draft.

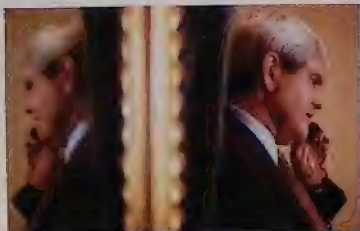
According to Maraniss, who won a 1993 Pulitzer Prize for his articles on Clinton's formative experiences, Clinton decided against running for President in 1988 in part out of fears that rumors of extramarital affairs would scuttle his chances and destroy his family. Maraniss quotes extensively from on-the-record interviews with longtime Clinton friend and aide Betsey Wright, who described sitting down with Clinton and "listing the names of women he had allegedly had affairs with and the places where they were said to have occurred." They went over the list twice, Maraniss writes, trying to figure out which women might tell their stories to the press; at the end, Wright advised the Governor not to run. Wright also expressed concern "that some state troopers were soliciting women for him and he for them." Wright, now a Washington lobbyist, issued a statement last week saying Maraniss "misunderstood what I told him about the troopers."

The portions of *First in His Class* about the President's attempts to avoid the draft also offer up damning new insight. According to Maraniss, when Clinton ran for Congress in 1974, he was worried about a letter he had written to his ROTC colonel thanking him "for saving me from the draft." "How Clinton ... persuaded him to return the letter is unclear," Maraniss writes, but the colonel did, and Clinton believed he had put the matter to rest. He had not; an aide to the colonel kept a copy, which did near fatal damage during the '92 campaign.

Though concerned about the draft story, the White House has responded that *First in His Class* is meaningless. In fact, compared with more tangible assaults on the President's character—namely Paula Jones' pending sexual-harassment lawsuit and the federal investigation into Whitewater—words in a book can barely hurt him. Last week trustees of Clinton's legal-defense fund released a list of donors for its first six months of operation. Celebrities such as Barbra Streisand and Garrison Keillor each put up the maximum \$1,000 contribution. So far, 5,865 people have donated \$608,000, still short of Clinton's estimated legal expenses of as much as \$2 million. —By Elizabeth Gleick. Reported by James Carney/Washington



Bill Clinton and Betsey Wright in 1986



LOBBYING

Newt Inc.

A Gingrich-friendly foundation comes under ethical scrutiny

By JOHN F. DICKERSON WASHINGTON

IN IMPARTING HIS VISION OF AMERICA, Newt Gingrich has a way of dropping names. Say, Hewlett-Packard and Health South Inc. during his series of videotaped college lectures; Johnson & Johnson and other pharmaceutical giants in letters to the White House and the Food and Drug Administration. By coincidence or design, many of the name-dropped have deposited timely contributions to organizations linked to Gingrich. Disclosures about the favors and donations provoked growing scrutiny last week of the Progress and Freedom Foundation, a Gingrich think tank that seems to churn as much cash as ideas. Declared Ellen Miller, executive director of the Center for Responsive Politics, "It's just another way in which Newt Gingrich's coat has many pockets."

Or a way he buttonholes his way to political profit. In the last Congress Gingrich introduced three bills to suspend duties on drug ingredients imported by Solvay Pharmaceuticals, a subsidiary of a large Belgian company based in his Georgia district. In January 1994 Solvay contributed \$30,000 to the foundation. In mid-1994, Gingrich pressed the FDA to speed the approval of a drug manufactured by Solvay. Last September Gingrich lobbied the White House and the FDA on behalf of Direct Access Diagnostics, a Johnson & Johnson subsidiary that was seeking approval for a home test kit to detect the AIDS virus. Soon after, Direct Access contributed an estimated \$30,000 to the foundation.

News of Gingrich's efforts on behalf of the two companies added to a growing ethical controversy. The House ethics com-

mittee is already looking into donations to COPAC, the Gingrich-led political-action committee that received money from corporations like Hewlett-Packard. The committee is also probing his lucrative contract to write two books for media mogul Rupert Murdoch.

In the case of the drug companies, there is no linkage between the favors Gingrich did for them and the money they gave the foundation, says Jeffrey Eisenach, founder and president of the foundation. Indeed, Gingrich had been railing against the inefficiencies at the FDA long before he asked the foundation to provide him with a plan for revamping the agency and before it even started collecting donations. There is also no evidence that Gingrich knew of these donations or that the foundation promised influence when seeking financial support.

That does not exempt him from charges of hypocrisy. "Newt Gingrich complained about the corrupt system when he was in the minority," says Fred Wertheimer of Common Cause, who six years ago gave crucial support to Gingrich's effort to oust Speaker Jim Wright for ethics violations. "Now he's running that corrupt system, and it's politics as usual."

Eisenach describes himself as Gingrich's "intellectual sidekick," but he insists the foundation is wholly independent

of Gingrich as well as organizations like COPAC. That defense is less than satisfying to critics. Before founding Progress and Freedom, Eisenach was executive director of COPAC. His think tank, furthermore, is steward to "Renewing American Civilization," the 20-hour college course that Gingrich teaches. Eisenach, however, denies that he remains beholden to partisan zealots at COPAC. "The clique that feeds at the trough of Republican politics is not my crowd," he told TIME. "I survived at COPAC by telling them I'd leave them alone if they'd leave me alone."

To defuse criticism of the foundation, Eisenach has released a list of donors. Apart from Johnson & Johnson, Health South and Solvay, it includes such pharmaceutical companies as Searle, Glaxo, Genzyme and Burroughs Wellcome, as well as AT&T, Turner Broadcasting and Lockheed. All are under federal regulation or have contracts with the government—and are thus barred from contributing directly to political campaigns. The foundation has not indicated the amounts each corporation has contributed. The foundation, which is tax exempt, officially nonpartisan and not subject to federal election laws, can receive unlimited amounts of money from donors and is not bound to disclose the names of its supporters. Nevertheless, it admits it has received a total of \$1.7 million since 1993.

Eisenach, 36, does not disavow spiritual ties to the Gingrich crusade. He considers himself the curator of Gingrich's ideas. He agrees with the Speaker that no idea has played a more central role in American civilization than progress. It was a combination of patriotism and technological innovation that was instilled in Eisenach as a child. In the first grade, he and his classmates in Mrs. Bumstead's class in Dayton, Ohio, would regularly hear B-52s flying overhead, heading back to nearby Wright-Patterson Air Base. Each time, the kids' response was the same. "We would stop whatever we were doing in class and clap."

Eisenach and Gingrich met in 1988 while Eisenach was studying drug-abuse policy at the conservative Heritage Foundation. "We found out that for 10 years we had been thinking about many of the same things," says Eisenach. Nowadays, he talks with Gingrich two or three times a week. One irresistible topic for them must be the growing scrutiny of their relationship. ■



THE COMPANY HE KEEPS: Gingrich, top, networking in Washington; Eisenach in his D.C. office

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■ THE STATES

DEVOLVE AND CONQUER

No longer supplicants, Governors are fast becoming the heroes of the new political order

By DAVID VANBIEMA

ON ANY OTHER DAY, THE obscenely long list unwinding from Michigan Governor John Engler's hands would not be one he would be eager to display. It seemed to extend forever. Aid to Families with Dependent Children was one entry; food stamps was another. In all, it contained 335 items, each a federal program. To Engler and his gubernatorial colleagues, each also represented a different federal bureaucracy to which he had to kowtow; a different process in which he had no say; and a specific amount of money he had to pay out of his state's treasury, whether he liked it or not. It was a Governor's nightmare list.

And yet Engler was grinning broadly. He was parading the specially prepared parchment not as a catalog of woes, but the way a general might display his enemy's head on a pike. Welfare entitlements, he announced, were dead. "Over the weekend," he later joked, "we went through the denial, the mourning and the wake." Nor did his diagnosis seem farfetched.

The National Governors' Association came to Washington for its annual meeting last week; but in contrast with their usual posture as supplicants, its members arrived as conquerors. Both Newt Gingrich and Bill Clinton paid them court. Their favorite piece of legislation, a restriction of the Federal Government's power to impose rules and make the states pay for them (otherwise known as unfunded mandates), became the first major chunk of the Gingrichian program to pass both houses of Congress. Clinton, for his part, announced that he was reducing 271 mostly unilateral federal programs to 27 "performance partnerships" with the Governors. Of Clinton's proposal, Engler said it was a good start. He knew Congress would outdo that.

Yes, 1995 is a fine year for the states, and

MIKE LEAVITT, UTAH, on his family's ranch, wants reform of the relationship between the states and the Federal Government

perhaps something more. On one level, it appeared that the Governors were simply being freed to govern. But the repeated pledges of federal leaders and a blizzard of state-friendly legislation suggested something larger. Some thought they saw American government decentralizing itself, heading back to either the Jeffersonian ideals of local governance and part-time legislators (if you are a fan) or the social miseries of the 1920s and pollution of the 1970s (if you are not). Said Geoffrey Garin, a Democratic pollster: "This is the opening debate over the radical Republican agenda." Senate Budget Committee chairman Pete Domenici's analysis was simultaneously more sanguine and more portentous: it might mark a change in "how we define the role of the Federal Government in the next century."

In any case, it was sudden. Only a year ago, Utah's young Governor, Mike Leavitt, conceived a grand confab for the fall of 1995 called the Conference of the States, to which he planned to invite his colleagues and state legislators. It was intended as a national forum on the skewed relationship between federal and state power. Most Governors considered a re-evaluation long overdue. Although the New Deal's assumption by the Federal Government of the U.S.'s primary responsibilities and powers may have been one of the century's noblest undertakings, at some point in the late 1960s or early '70s the pendulum had swung too far. There was, it seemed, no part of life too small for the Feds to micromanage. Or to mismanage, since most programs were fought over by multiple sparring congressional committees. Creative Governors like Engler, Wisconsin's Tommy Thompson and Massachusetts' William Weld, who have since been credited with operating "laboratories of democracy," felt more like lab rats, constantly scurrying to Washington to procure federal waivers for

any innovation. California's Pete Wilson and Florida's Lawton Chiles sued federal authorities for funds to pay for their immigration policies.

But until recently no one outside the states seemed to be paying attention. The Democratic-run Congress happily ignored the likes of Republicans Weld, Engler and

not just that the midterm election's big winners were the Republicans, who traditionally favor state government over federal. It was that, as Leavitt says, "The Governors are the embodiment of that level of government the people said they wanted." Weld, Engler and Thompson were perfect Gingrichian heroes—practical, agile, local.

By the time the returns were in, any Washington pol who didn't want to hand them part of his power could be accused of being out of touch.

All that remained to be seen was whether it was for real. The movement's name—devolution—has a nice millennial-Tofflerian ring. But veteran legislators remembered that Republicans—most recently Ronald Reagan—have promised this sort of thing before. While Reagan downsized many federal programs, he failed to exempt the states from picking up the slack. Result: big federal-budget cuts and big increases in state taxes. This time both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue were on board, but even as Gingrich looked on and Clinton talked about moving beyond the "benign mistrust" that he said had characterized federal-state relations, some of the Governors still felt benignly mistrustful.

The new legislation most straightforwardly pleasing to the Governors is the restriction of unfunded mandates, which the House, joining the Senate, passed by a 370-to-4 vote last week. Neither of the bills, whose differences must still be reconciled, scraps the mandates completely. Democrats especially maintained that there are some things, including achieving clean water and air, the states must be directed to do and pay for.

But to the Governors, the legislation's only flaw was that it might not prove binding on the balanced-budget amendment, another Gingrich juggernaut stalled—probably only temporarily—in the Senate. The Governors fear that the federal budget may be balanced through a Reaganesque



FIFE SYMINGTON, ARIZONA, is preparing a lawsuit against the Environmental Protection Agency over the Clean Air Act.



HOWARD DEAN, VERMONT, with members of the American Association of Retired Persons, wants Washington to retain oversight of funds

Thompson, played down the lawsuits and appeared not to hear rhetoric like that of Arizona Governor Fife Symington, a Republican who recently speechified, "Let the little potentates of the Potomac be warned; we are growing weary of your ways, so kindly get out of ours."

Well, the little potentates got warned—in spades. "Nov. 8 changed everything," says Massachusetts' Weld happily. It was

D.C.—District of Calamities



Mayor Marion Barry announcing the crisis

He plans to eliminate 4,000 jobs from the bloated, 42,000-worker bureaucracy. "This is a small price to pay for the solvency and noncollapse of the District of Columbia," Barry said. "We should have never taken on all these functions in the first place."

Carrying out those functions used to be a point of pride. Since 1974, Washington, D.C., has enjoyed limited self-government under a system known as home rule. Congress, which gives the District \$650 million a year, allows it to function almost like a state. Washington oversees its own Medicaid programs, issues its own license plates and runs prisons. Many residents are fiercely supportive of home rule and suspicious of the Federal Government's involvement in District affairs.

Now, however, Congress may be called in to help right a fiscal and bureaucratic mess. Representative James T. Walsh of New York, chairman of the congressional subcommittee that oversees the District's financial affairs, said he has already contacted White House officials to hash out bailout scenarios, including the establishment of a board to take control of city finances. Walsh told *TIME* that his congressional colleagues are leery of Barry's proposal because the District has failed to make good on promised cuts in the past. "The Mayor has basically said we should give him \$267 million and he'll get the books balanced, but Congress isn't going to do that. They did it four years ago, and it didn't work."

According to consultants who have studied the D.C. government, Barry increased his base of supporters in the 1980s by expanding government jobs by the thousands and awarding contracts on a no-bid basis. By the time his third term ended with an arrest for cocaine possession, the city was barreling toward financial disaster. When Sharon Pratt Kelly took over in 1991, she inherited a \$300 million deficit, and the city had a higher per-capita expenditure than any other American city—\$9,516. She did little to improve the situation.

The District has also suffered from demographic factors. In the past 35 years, its population has declined 25%, to its current 570,000. Middle-class families have moved to suburbs in Maryland and Virginia, depriving the city of millions of dollars in property-tax revenues. For the past several months, the District has been so broke that officials have refused to pay hundreds of contractors for work they have already done. "It's devastating," says Lori Kaplan, executive director of a Latino youth center to which the city has owed \$275,000 since last October. "We're their support system, and we are being wiped out."

—By Tammertin Drummond. Reported by Ann Blackman/Washington

AT A TIME WHEN MOST STATE GOVERNMENTS ARE clamoring for more local control, the District of Columbia wants just the opposite—less. In an extraordinary press conference last week, Mayor Marion Barry asked the Federal Government to take over many of the city's most important services. Acknowledging for the first time publicly that the city is on the verge of bankruptcy, Barry said the District could no longer run itself and asked for \$267 million in federal aid to pay off a staggering Medicaid bill.

Barry ordered deep cuts in social programs affecting everyone from pregnant women to the homeless.



Uncollected garbage in an empty lot in southeast Washington

dumping of burdens on the states. Technically, an unfunded-mandates law should prevent that, but a law could be easily repealed by a future Congress panicked at the amendment and willing to pick the states' pockets. Vermont's Howard Dean, chairman of the Governors' Association, maintains that the amendment will face stiff opposition among the states; in fact, he said, "it would be a political sham, and I don't think it would be approved."

Perhaps the thorniest Newtonian gift to the nation's statehouses—and the one that has split the normally collegial Governors Association—is the block-grant proposal on welfare. Currently, the Federal Government determines how much money poor people get, but the states must administer the program and pay part of the bill. Dean and other gubernatorial Democrats opposed a plan, inspired by the "Contract with America," that would bind the programs into larger aggregates, with each state receiving a fixed sum of money per aggregate, and more or less let the states do as they please. Simply put, the Democrats distrust the generosity of their colleagues. Referring to the 1950s and '60s, when Southern Governors used states' rights to justify atrocious segregationist behavior, Dean told *TIME* he opposes giving the states free rein on welfare. "Some states were responsible, and some weren't. I don't think we need to turn the clock back." But he was outgunned by the Republicans, at least within the Governors' Association.

Various Governors predict that after the welfare issue is settled, Congress will debate "devolving" the responsibility for Medicaid to the states ("It's four times bigger than welfare," says Mike Leavitt hungrily); Congress will follow that with what is sure to be a bruising battle over the Clean Air Act. It is possible that by the time Leavitt's Conference of the States rolls around in the fall, there may not be much more to talk about.

On the other hand, if Congress turns out to be playing three-card monte with its promises, Leavitt's convention could be the hottest ticket around. Many Republican Governors have promised tax cuts on the assumption that the balanced-budget amendment will not hit them too hard. Dean thinks that is wishful thinking. "As soon as Congress passes the balanced-budget amendment and [House Budget Committee chairman John] Kasich comes out with a budget, there are going to be a lot of Governors moaning and groaning. They're going to look at their own numbers and say, 'Oh Lord!'" They may not be the only ones. Says an insider: "If Newt screws the big Republican states, that will be the end of the Republican revolution." —Reported by Sam Allis/Washington, Jordan Bonfante/Sacramento and Richard Woodbury/Salt Lake City



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Don't Panic: Here Comes Bailout Bill

Faced with a recalcitrant Congress, Clinton puts together his own package of Mexican loans and hopes the cure will stick

By JOHN GREENWALD

THE PHONE CALL REACHED RUSH LIMBAUGH at his studio shortly before he went on the air at noon, but this time the person on the other end of the line was not Bob, a machinist from Dayton, Ohio, or Dorothy, a housewife from Tucson, Arizona. It was Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Federal Reserve and the second most powerful man in Washington, calling Limbaugh to lobby for Bill Clinton's \$40 billion rescue package for Mexico. The 10-min. chat, which took place four weeks ago, was cordial enough but left the folk hero of the kilohertz unmoved. As Limbaugh advised his 20 million listeners last week, "President Clinton is very decisive in giving away our money and taking away our rights."

It was this kind of populist blast—a picture painted by Limbaughs and cartoonists across the U.S. of a President extending a hand to Wall Street and ailing foreign countries—that convinced Clinton he had to bypass Congress altogether. With the Mexican peso sliding, only \$3.5 billion left in Mexican currency reserves and financial markets throughout Latin America on the brink of collapse, the President last week invoked his executive authority to grant Mexico \$20 billion in loans and loan guarantees as the centerpiece of a coordinated bailout. Following Washington's lead, the International Monetary Fund agreed to provide Mexico with a further \$17.8 billion, and the Swiss-based Bank for International Settlements

"This was about mutual funds and pension funds, and that means average Americans."

By the time Clinton acted, the political paralysis in Washington had become almost as threatening as the economic trouble in Mexico. If a plan supported by the President, the Fed chairman and the heads

of both houses were rebuffed, the result "would be perceived in the rest of the world as leadership anarchy," in the words of Robert Hormats, the vice chairman of international operations for Goldman Sachs. For Clinton, the overriding goal was to prevent a financial crisis whose victims could have included up to 700,000 Americans holding jobs tied to exports to Mexico. In the past six weeks, U.S. manufacturers have already sharply pared their forecasts for Mexican business; Ford chairman Alex Trotman conceded last week that his company's plans to double exports to Mexico in 1995 were now just "a pipe dream." Instead, the industry expects total Mexican sales to fall by one-third from last year's total of 600,000 vehicles.

In the short term, the U.S.-led rescue saved Mexico from defaulting on \$26 billion of the government's Tesobonos bonds that come due this year—a disaster that would have driven the vast majority of foreign investors out of the country and much of the rest of Latin America. With the threat of default averted, the Administration argues, Mexico can begin to restore itself to health. Says Treasury Under Secretary Lawrence Summers: "The success of Mexico's economy now rests on Mexico."

But that's just what disturbs many critics of the bailout, who regard Mexico as a stumble-prone country that will inevitably be back for another tourniquet. "We're bailing out a Mexican government that has mismanaged its economic affairs for as long as I've been an adult," says Democratic Representative Marcy Kaptur, a leading opponent of the rescue plan.

Experts say the country that defaulted on millions of dollars in loan payments in 1982 has greatly strengthened its economy

since then. It has balanced its budget three years in a row; sold off costly state-owned companies like Teléfonos de Mexico, the country's largest telephone firm; and locked into place an open-market policy by joining the North American Free Trade Agreement. And even though Mexico still lacks a large, consumer-oriented middle class, business activity grew a healthy 3.1% last year.

But President Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León still must reform the policies that caused the latest crisis—specifically, Mexico's reliance on foreign capital. Much of those funds fled in December when the government, unable to prop up the overvalued peso any longer, let the currency float. Now Zedillo is taking the politically risky steps of slashing government spending and jacking up interest rates to slow the economy and wean it from its dependence on "hot money"—foreign investments in securities that can easily be dumped. Says Allen Sinai, the chief economist for Lehman Bros.: "Mexico must swallow a recession. If the government can hang in there and people can live through a year of austerity, the economy will be on its way. But it's going to be a real test of the country."

The problem is that crisis-weary Mexicans are already staggering under the twin blows of layoffs and an inflation rate that could top 30% in 1995. Nissan and Volkswagen both plan more than 1,000 job cuts this month, while entertainment giant Televisa has dismissed 1,500 employees, or 6% of its work force, since December. "Most people prefer to buy food rather than cigarettes," says Consuelo Doval de Rojas, who owns a struggling candy and tobacco shop in Mexico City and rents out

DEC. 20, 1994 Facing a loss of foreign investor confidence, Mexico devalues the peso, which had been pegged at 3.5 to the dollar

DEC. 21
3.45
pesos to
the dollar

DEC. 22
4.65
pesos to
the dollar

apartments above the store. "People can't scrape up cash to cover even necessities." At the same time, she adds, "all my tenants are behind on their rent."

Part of the trouble reflects Mexico's success in opening up its once locked-tight markets to foreign goods. Under NAFTA the country accelerated its consumption of imported products ranging from shampoo to computers that drove thousands of inefficient domestic firms out of business. Now many Mexican companies can't find local replacements for foreign suppliers, whose prices have jumped as much as 50% since Zedillo devalued the peso.

To make matters more painful, the dismantling of government subsidies that saved firms a decade ago leaves today's companies unshielded from harm. Termoplasticos Inyectados, a small electrical-parts company, had been gradually winning back customers after losing them to imports for several years. But the collapse of the peso drove up the price of raw materials and brought the company's business to a standstill. "Everything has stopped," says manager Ricardo Villanueva. "If you ask me what I'm going to do, the answer is I just don't know."

Other companies that turned lean under the pressure of foreign competition are now poised to profit from a cheap peso that lowers the price of their exports. Min-Cer, a maker of wheel and drum components for tractor-trailers, plans to export 90% of its output this year. "We

are expecting a very steep drop in domestic demand, but we're working three shifts a day for exports," general director Carlos de la Garza says.

Still other firms are restraining price increases to boost their share of the domestic market. One of the country's largest producers of polyester cloth plans to limit price increases to no more than 25%. "I'm working at 100% of capacity," says the firm's manager. "We don't want to leave the market unattended."

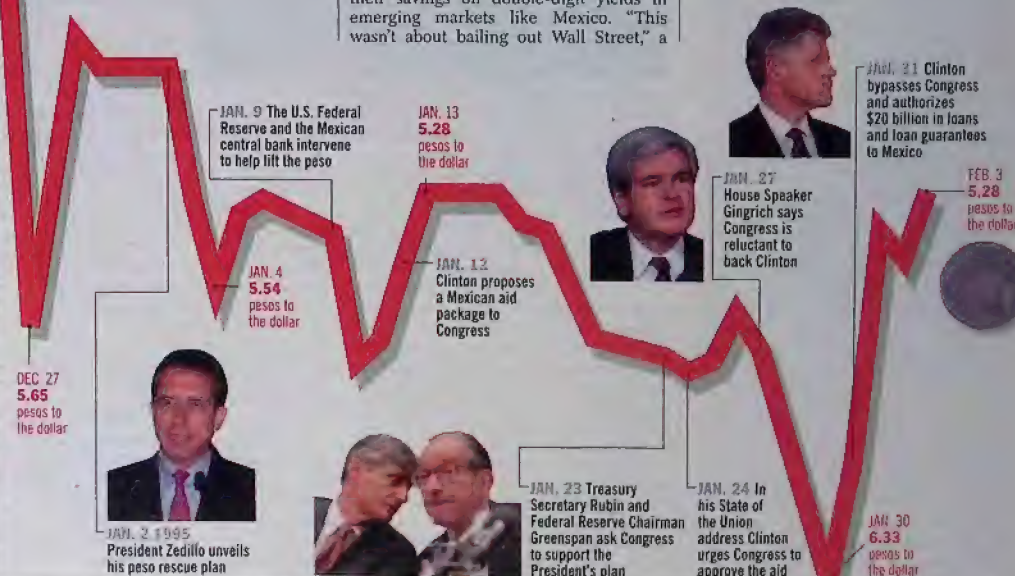
Despite such success stories, the widespread Mexican hardship puts enormous pressure on Zedillo, a Yale-trained economist who took office Dec. 1, to ease his austerity campaign. But that would almost certainly destroy foreign confidence in Mexico's ability to regain its footing and would thus send the peso slipping again. "This time there's no free lunch," says Mauricio González, managing partner of a Mexico City consulting firm.

That was the lesson for Wall Street investors as well. What many Americans discovered last week was that for all the Beltway rhetoric pitting Wall Street against Main Street, Wall Street long ago intersected with Main Street. At risk in the region were not only U.S. banks and giant investment firms but mutual funds held by tens of millions of little-guy investors who bet their savings on double-digit yields in emerging markets like Mexico. "This wasn't about bailing out Wall Street," a

"Flight capital has turned into vampire capital that has bled our economy."

congressional staff member said of last week's Executive Order, "but about mutual funds and pension funds, and that means average Americans." People, for instance, like Anna Stathas, 76, and Angeliki Palasopoulos, 72, who on Dec. 27 sued the La Jolla, California, office of Merrill Lynch for putting them into a Mexican fund. Their suit charged that they lost nearly half the \$73,000 they invested after Merrill Lynch failed to warn them of the risks. (The firm says the fund's prospectus clearly stated the risks.)

In making his case, however, Clinton was not helped by the fact that he entrusted the job of winning votes in Congress to ex-Wall Street whiz and newly appointed Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin. The former co-chairman of Goldman Sachs knew many of Mexico's leading industrialists (his business contacts included Teléfonos de Mexico; cement giant Cemex; and Banco Nacional de Mexico, the country's largest bank). But after two years as head of Clinton's National Economic Council, Rubin knew little about lobbying Capitol Hill. Although Treasury had prepared a state-by-state analysis of how a Mexican meltdown would affect U.S. employment, for example, most members of Congress never learned of its existence. Moreover,



Clinton and top aides like White House chief of staff Leon Panetta were focused on the President's Jan. 24 State of the Union message and failed to give Rubin much support.

Congress, meanwhile, managed to achieve its own paralysis. "The reality is members of Congress didn't want to do this," an Administration official says. "And the reality is also, if you question them closely, they didn't want it to fail. And so we had this conundrum of, How do you pass something that can't pass, which everyone wants to succeed?"

Not until last Monday, the day Clinton had set as the deadline for congressional approval, did the White House acknowledge that it would have to go it alone. "The Administration relied on [House Speaker] Newt Gingrich's saying he was for it," says a Democratic congressional leader, "and they relied on him for everything after that." But when neither Gingrich nor anyone else could deliver, Clinton, Rubin and Panetta huddled in Panetta's White House office at 11:30 p.m. to complete work on the executive action. Clinton arrived from a dinner of the National Governors Association still dressed in a tuxedo and promptly helped himself to the Domino's pepperoni-and-mushroom pizza that Panetta and Rubin had ordered. Meanwhile, Treasury Under Secretary Summers was dispatched to contact IMF officials to win their support for the new package, a task he completed at 5 a.m.

In the end, the package got a bitter-sweet reception in Mexico. While Mexicans were thankful for the money, many expressed embarrassment at their country's continuing reliance on Washington. Particularly galling was the fact that Mexico pledged revenues from its oil wells, the country's proudest asset, as collateral for the loans. At a news conference last Tuesday, suspicious reporters badgered Finance Minister Guillermo Ortiz with questions about whether Mexico had made any other promises (he said no).

But the sense of discomfort stuck. "I feel somehow as if we've sold out," said restaurant cook Guillermo Dehesa. So did the 74% of Mexico City residents who recently told a newspaper poll that they opposed accepting American aid. Nor did many Mexicans seem to want foreign investors back. "Flight capital has turned into vampire capital that has severely bled our economy," said a statement from Mexico's manufacturing chamber of commerce. "We must banish it and never depend on it again." Whatever impact the bailout finally has on Mexico, the era of fevered investment in emerging markets has cooled.

—Reported by James Carney and Sumee Ratan/Washington, Laura López/Mexico City and Joseph R. Szczytny/Detroit

MIDDLE EAST

All Together Now

In a symbolic and desperate summit, peacemakers solve nothing but agree to keep on talking

By BRUCE W. NELAN

AT NIGHTFALL IN THE MARBLE PALACE of Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, an unusual gathering of Middle Eastern leaders sat down for *iftar*, the meal that breaks the daylong Muslim fast during the holy month of Ramadan. It is traditionally shared with family and close friends, but at Mubarak's side were not only Jordan's King Hussein and Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat, but Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin as well. His inclusion was meant to show a new level of acceptance for Israel among the Arab leaders who have signed

summit group's foreign ministers will convene in Washington to move ahead on economic and security measures.

Senior Arab officials believe the summit displayed the parties' solidarity and bolstered rather than pressured Rabin. These officials realize the Israeli leader needs help standing up to his own voters, who are increasingly unwilling to make deals with the Palestinians while Islamic terrorists continue to send suicide bombers to blow up Israelis.

In Jerusalem, Yossi Beilin, Israel's Deputy Foreign Minister, also insisted that the summit would have a positive impact. It showed, he said, that "a bloc is being created for peace." But for most Israelis, the talk-fest in Cairo changed nothing. The main issue is whether the Islamic terrorist campaigns will be halted.

The negotiations are caught in a vicious circle. For the Palestinians, the key issue is what was promised in the 1993 accord: moving Israeli troops out of West Bank towns and opening the way for Palestinian elections. Arafat told Rabin that

his mandate must be extended throughout the territories. But Rabin is in no mood to withdraw the army from areas where Israeli settlers need protection.

Palestinians have little patience with Israeli hesitancy. Many were irate that the meeting made no mention of the growing Israeli settlements—one was authorized in East Jerusalem last week—that they consider violate the spirit of the agreement.

The region's political leaders are publicly displaying their faith in the process, but they know their best efforts can be undercut at any time by another incident like the bombing that killed 21 Israelis last month. After reading the Cairo summit's communiqué last week, a West Bank member of the radical Islamic Jihad warned, "We are the ones who decide when to attack Israeli targets—not Arafat, not Rabin, not Hussein, not Mubarak." Unfortunately, that is all too true.

—Reported by Dean Fischer/Cairo, Jamil Hamad and Eric Silver/Jerusalem



THE CONCILIATORS: Rabin, Hussein, Mubarak and Arafat, together for the first time, try to reinvigorate the peace effort

formal peace agreements with the country.

What really brought the four together, however, was a sense of desperation. Something was needed, as Egyptian Foreign Minister Amr Moussa put it, "to save the peace process from collapse." If all that was required were the serious talk and earnest pledges of the summiters, a comprehensive peace in the Middle East would be at hand. But after five hours of discussion, Moussa emerged to read out a predictable communiqué. It mainly restated their commitment to peace and condemned "all the outbreaks of bloodshed, terror and violence" that have brought the negotiations almost to a halt. The one visible new agreement was to keep on talking.

Some officials on both sides said they were encouraged by the procedural push. This week Israel and the Palestinians are to reopen their talks in Cairo, while Arafat and Rabin are to meet at a border crossing on the Gaza Strip. Then on Feb. 12, the



EPIC DELUGE: Water sloshed over the banks of the Rhine and the Waal, almost inundating villages and dikes on the German-Dutch border

EUROPE

Rhine, Rhine Go Away

Europe's rivers rampage in the century's heaviest floods, straining dikes to the breaking point

FIFTY YEARS AFTER WORLD WAR II, something like the blitzkrieg returned to Nijmegen last week. Dutch soldiers swarmed around the city as low-flying helicopters thundered overhead. The scenes reflected the kind of combat the Dutch know best: struggling with the elements as an onslaught of water threatened to submerge vast tracts of the Netherlands' sub-sea-level terrain.

All across northwestern Europe an epic deluge was sloshing over the banks of rivers such as the Rhine, the Waal and the Meuse. Torrential rains had combined with prematurely melting Alpine snows to overload major waterways funneling into the Low Countries. The flooding provoked the largest evacuation ever mobilized in the Netherlands: 250,000 people were forced to flee their homes in Limburg and Gelderland, two placid southern provinces of willows and windmills, where dikes were threatening to burst at critically weak points. Almost all the embankments were

holding as last week ended, but a red alert persisted.

Upriver in Germany, the Rhine rose to 35 feet at Cologne, equaling the century's record height set in 1926. Altogether, six German states along the Rhine, Main, Mosel and Nahe were engulfed by the rampaging rivers. The most extensive overflows hit France, where floods covered almost all of the country's northern half.

Everywhere, critics blamed human error. Builders have transformed large tracts of France's countryside into shopping malls, parking lots and highways, which has doubled or even tripled the volume of unabridged water. Farmers eager to make their work more efficient have ripped out hedgerows, so what used to be patchworks of fields plowed at right angles are now consolidated under parallel plowing that drains in one direction. Straightening the bends of the upper Rhine for shipping ease has shortened the entire course by 50 miles, doubling the speed of Alpine runoffs.



VENICE NORTH: Residents of Cochem, Germany, needed a new mode of travel

If those culprits were not enough, the Dutch had some of their own. Plans for shoring up the dikes with concrete blocks have languished for years under a policy-review system that requires lengthy consultations. To many evacuees, preserving the beauty of their landscape was less important than preserving terra firma.

RUSSIA

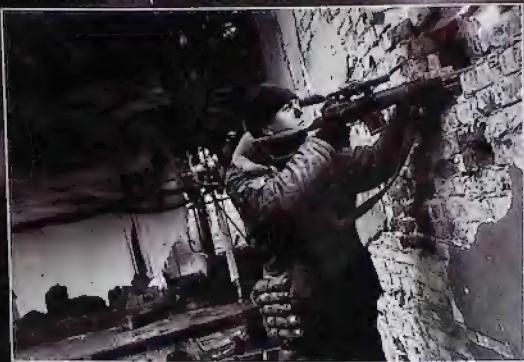
SOAKED IN BLOOD

Amid the wreckage of the Chechen city of Grozny, only death and destruction prevail

THE CAPITAL OF GROZNY IS NO MORE, BUT THE WAR TO SUBDUCE the Chechen secession carries on. Russian forces fought retreating rebel fighters last week in a battle that has brought no victory, only fierce determination on each side to prevail. There was no reliable way to gauge the success of the government offensive among the wrecked structures, the constant rain of shells, or the hundreds of corpses lying unburied. On Saturday rebels shot down their first Russian fighter plane.

After almost two months of combat, there was no human compassion left. Government forces accused the Chechens of mutilating Russian prisoners, while stories reached Moscow of a Russian-run internment camp where Chechens were tortured. A government soldier told a journalist, "I felt sorry for the Chechens, but they made a bad mistake when they tortured our prisoners." The U.S. accused Moscow of human-rights abuses.

The strain of the struggle was beginning to tell on the Kremlin. Embattled Defense Minister Pavel Grachev was reportedly hospitalized, with what many diagnosed as a "political illness," caused more by accusations he was involved in financial corruption than by the rigors of war.



DEATH FOR THE UNWARY

A Russian sniper shoots from a bombed-out theater. While the soldiers have wrested control of part of the city, Grozny is yet to be taken



CHECHEN DEFIANCE

Despite being under constant Russian fire, a Chechen fighter dared to emerge from Grozny's presidential palace. The enemy finally seized the palace on Jan. 19, yet the Chechens' resolve in their battle for independence continues to be unbroken



FRIENDLY FIRE

Both Muslims and ethnic Russians living in Grozny have become victims of the war. A Russian civilian killed by shrapnel from a shell fired by Russian soldiers lay in the snow for days. Nobody volunteered to transport his body to the morgue. After a few days, most of his belongings were looted



JAMES MACDONALD—MAGNUM FOR TIME

THE PITY OF WAR

Chechen soldiers mourn the death of a colleague. Thousands have died since Russia's first assault in December; tens of thousands more have been displaced. While Russians claim to have "destroyed the core" of the Chechen army, they still face bands of disorganized fighters determined to save their soil



GHOST TOWN

The capital of the separatist Russian region has been bombed into empty ruins. After more than seven weeks of war, its roads are pocked by bomb craters, its buildings are aflame, and those who emerge from shelters risk death from sniper fire



ANGUISH: Denise Brown sobs while recalling O.J.'s treatment of her sister

■ JUSTICE

Tears and Dreams

In a dramatic week, defense missteps and harsh prosecution testimony tarnish a celebrity icon

By KEVIN FEDARKO

Denise Brown: He grabbed Nicole, told her to get out of his house, wanted us all out of his house, picked her up, threw her against a wall, picked her up and threw her out of the house...

Christopher Darden: Are you O.K., Ms. Brown?

Brown: Yes, it's just so hard. I'll be fine.

Darden: Your Honor, if it pleases the court, can we adjourn and continue this Monday morning? Your Honor, will the court instruct the bailiff to assist Ms. Brown if she needs assistance?

THERE WAS NOTHING OPEN-ENDED OR ambiguous about the 28 minutes of closing testimony from Nicole Brown Simpson's sister Denise. Last weekend, jurors lived in close quarters with dramatic memories of Denise's ragged anger. Her agitated testimony offered a symphony of accusations that struck blow after blow at the base of O.J. Simpson's carefully wrought image as a celebrity icon, athletic role model and loving husband. By the time she stepped from the stand, she left behind her the overwhelming impression that it had been a very bad week for the defense.

Most trials begin at the brutal edge, marshaling the facts of the crime before attempting to pin them on the accused. But prosecutor Marcia Clark and her team

chose to set the murder aside for the moment and instead cast their line far back into the past, calling to the stand a cluster of witnesses to events that happened six, even nine years ago, each one embellishing the picture of Simpson as a cruel and abusive spouse.

First came Sharyn Gilbert, a 911 operator who received a call from the Simpson residence at 3:58 a.m. on Jan. 1, 1989. Gilbert's testimony allowed the prosecution to introduce a chilling tape in which the jury could hear Nicole's screams. Detective John Edwards, who arrived at the front gate that night, then testified that Nicole, who had been hiding in the bushes, rushed forward and yelled, "He's gonna kill me; he's gonna kill me!"

The words were powerful, but not as riveting as the three Polaroid photos that Edwards later took at the West Los Angeles station house. In them, Nicole looks stunned, terrified and brutally bruised. "Do the pictures fully portray her injuries?" Edwards was asked. "Not even close," he replied curtly.

Edwards then testified that O.J. drove away from the house that night in his blue Bentley. The officers pursued but failed to catch him—though O.J. was eventually charged with battering and pleaded no contest. Such a lenient response contradicts a key defense theory of the case: O.J. has been framed by a racist police department. If anything, the cops' behavior that

night seems to reflect a climate of collusion with an idolized sports star.

Ronald Shipp, a former police officer who took the stand as a friend of both O.J. and Nicole Simpson's, gave jurors a graphic glimpse into the couple's tempestuous marriage. Assistant D.A. Darden elicited solid testimony from Shipp, a domestic-violence specialist, which stretched from informal counseling in 1989, to a potentially incriminating private conversation in O.J.'s bedroom the night after the murder. But, ironically, it was the blistering cross-examination by the defense that indelibly etched the depth of Shipp's credibility.

Attempting to portray Shipp as a hanger-on and frustrated actor with a drinking problem, attorney Carl Douglas accused the witness of betraying his old friend to get publicity. "Do you realize, Mr. Shipp," demanded Douglas, "that by testifying as you have, you are going to enhance the name of Ron Shipp around the world?"

"That's not why I'm doing this, Mr. Douglas," Shipp insisted. "I'm doing this for my conscience and my peace of mind. I would not have the blood of Nicole on Ron Shipp. I can sleep at night, unlike a lot of others."

Shipp's testimony also provided a dramatic link between two key areas of the prosecution's case: O.J.'s alleged history of abusing his wife and his state of mind on the night of the murder. Shipp was among those who gathered to comfort and assist O.J. on the night of June 13. He testified that Simpson had admitted something that the defense had vigorously petitioned Ito to suppress. "He jokingly said," recalled the ex-cop, "To be honest, Shipp, I've had some dreams of killing her." Having ruled the highly controversial dream remark admissible, Judge Lance Ito has now opened the possibility that it could be construed as a reversible error in an appeals court, should O.J. be convicted.

But long before that point is reached, the defense must confront the challenge of rehabilitating O.J.'s image in the wake of last week's evidence, which included another taped call to 911 in October 1993. On that one, O.J. had allegedly broken the back door of Nicole's home, and jurors listened to him screaming obscenities at her for 14 minutes.

There were also letters, stored in Nicole's safe-deposit box, in which O.J. expressed "how wrong I was for hurting you." The remorse seemed genuine—if integral to O.J.'s obsession with control—and so did the love. Both sentiments might have softened the mood if matters had ended there. Instead, it was the inconsolable grief of Denise Brown that the jury took into recess—and was to face again on Monday morning.

—Reported by Elaine Lafferty and James Willwerth/Los Angeles



Imagine A COUPLE OF SWEDISH ENGINEERS

AND A COUPLE OF GERMAN ENGINEERS

DECIDE TO GET TOGETHER FOR Dinner

AND THE SWEDISH ENGINEERS START

TALKING ABOUT SAFETY AND THE GERMAN ENGINEERS

TALK ABOUT THE JOY OF DRIVING

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a moment what each party

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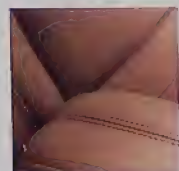
was born.

A twenty-four valve engine delivers on-ramp consuming

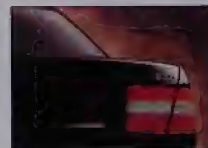
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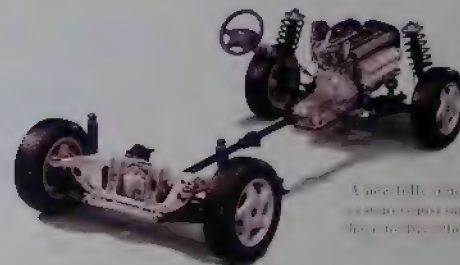
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■ TRAGEDY

The Fatal Shore

Nature intervenes as a
family attempts to mourn

WHenever she visited her daughter Debbie in California, Diane Painter, 52, would return to the coastline around Mendocino, about 130 miles north of San Francisco. With its panorama of sky and water, so different from the views near her home in a Pittsburgh suburb, it was a favorite spot for Painter, the ex-wife of Dwain Painter, quarterback coach of the San Diego Chargers. So after she committed suicide on Jan. 15, it was to the same stretch of coastline that her children—Debbie, 32, and Doug, 23—brought her ashes.

It was an attempt at poetic closure in the wake of an All-American family trauma. Pittsburgh-area natives, Dwain and Diane Painter began dating in high school. After marrying in 1962, they spent three decades moving around the country while he pursued a career as a football coach. Diane was glad to come home when he got a job in 1988 with the Pittsburgh Steelers. Four years later, when he took another job with the Indianapolis Colts and she opted to remain in Pittsburgh, they divorced.

Dwain Painter moved on again, to San Diego. When the Chargers won their league championship, Diane Painter felt deprived of what might otherwise have been a pinnacle of her life. According to her father, "she called her mother and said, 'I'm the one who should be going to the Super Bowl, not his girlfriend.'" Not long afterward she went to the garage, started the car and died from carbon-monoxide poisoning.

The Painter children decided to go alone last Thursday to scatter their mother's ashes around the oceanfront she loved. It was a mistake, and it wrenched their quiet memorial out of control. Despite warnings of rough weather, they chose a point of land well out to sea and only 20 ft. above the ocean. That wasn't enough to protect them from the huge wave that exploded 25 ft. upward and knocked them into the water.

Doug Painter managed to crawl back to safety, but then returned to the water to help his sister. After nearly an hour in which the pair were battered by surf, he climbed out again over sharp rocks that sliced his knees, hands and feet. Naked and bleeding, he was taken by a passerby to an area hospital. But, one tragedy compounding another, Debbie had been swept out to sea. On Friday police found her body about a mile up the coast. She leaves behind a husband and an 18-month-old son.

■ PUBLIC EYE ■

Margaret Carlson

Of Barbs and Barbra

HONK IF YOU WEREN'T ASKED TO ADVISE BARBRA STREISAND ON HER speech at Harvard last Friday. That was the joke among political pundits and media types as Streisand shopped her address, titled "The Artist as Citizen," around to those who might help her in her quest to be taken seriously in front of 750 students and invited guests at the John F. Kennedy School of Government. To give an idea of just how much effort went into this event, says one of her advisers (who reportedly included ABC's Peter Jennings and the Los Angeles Times' Robert Scheer), consider that it took over 20 years for Streisand to return to the stage for her 1994 concert tour, and that even her between-song banter had to be put on a TelePrompTer. But that was easy compared to The Speech. "This," the adviser says, "made her much more nervous."

In Harvard last week, under the most garish lights outside a discount-store dressing room and stopping to take deep breaths and frequent sips of water, she either gave an Oscar-worthy rendition of a person with stage fright or she actually had it. (Who wouldn't? Everyone from Mikhail Gorbachev to Mario Cuomo has preceded her to the podium of the Institute of Politics.) She delivered a TelePrompTer broadcast at her critics, naming names (Rush, Newt, Jesse—Helms, not Jackson—and the editor of the *New Republic*). She denounced the politicians and media who seduce and then turn on performers: "We can attract a crowd and raise astounding amounts of money for the politicians and make good copy... which is precisely why we are courted and resented by both." She mocked the smarter-than-thou attitude of star-struck journalists. "You can just hear them thinking, 'You make money, you're famous. You have to have political opinions too?'"

Streisand has been briefed on health care, had dinner with Attorney General Janet Reno and got to use the phone to return calls from the President's study next to the Oval Office. But it's hard to take someone seriously when she can belt out *Memory from Cats*. Someone has to answer for all that liberal silliness—Jessica Lange testifying on farm policy after starring in *Country* or Meryl Streep testifying that traces of the pesticide Alar could be harmful to apple juice-swallowing children. Her wealth, high visibility and long fingernails make her a much more attractive target than gray leaders of industries who hold forth on things they know nothing about. But that's not enough to explain why she has become such a lightning rod for criticism. Why is it that Arnold Schwarzenegger can hang out with Newt Gingrich and not take any hits? What Streisand is a victim of is her clout as the virtual ATM of Democratic politics. By simply and literally opening her mouth, she raised \$1.5 million in one evening for six congressional candidates in 1986 (five won) and \$1 million for Clinton in September 1992. It's much more seemly to be like Republicans, who are better at taking their money and not calling in the morning.

After the speech, Streisand was her own reverse spin doctor, insisting she didn't do that well. But the real spin should have been "better than expected." She stayed this side of pomposity, even though she invoked Plato, Michelangelo, Roosevelt, Kennedy and Marian Anderson. It is hard to understand why she—or anyone else, for that matter—should care whether policy wonks take her seriously, or ink-stained wretches trash her for daring to talk to Colin Powell. She may have starred in *Funny Girl*, but she can play *Smart Political Woman* too.



The way she is—Streisand at Harvard



Powerful paintings in a long-hidden cave offer glimpses into the minds of our early ancestors

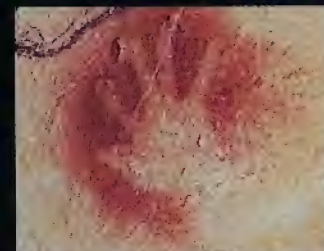
By ROBERT HUGHES

NOT SINCE THE DEAD SEA Scrolls has anything found in a cave caused so much excitement. The paintings and engravings, more than 300 of them, amount to a sort of Ice Age Noah's ark—images of bison, mammoths and woolly rhinoceroses, of a panther, an owl, even a hyena. Done on the rock walls with plain earth pigments—red, black, ochre—they are of singular vitality and power, and despite their inscrutability to modern eyes, they will greatly enrich our picture of Cro-Magnon life and culture.

When the French government last month announced that a local official, Jean-Marie Chauvet, had discovered the stunning Paleolithic cave near Avignon, experts swiftly hailed the 20,000-year-old paintings as a trove rivaling—and perhaps surpassing—those of Lascaux and Altamira. "This is a virgin site—it's completely intact. It's great art," exulted Jean Clottes, an adviser to the French Culture Ministry and a leading authority on prehistoric art. It has also reopened

A MASTER'S TOUCH

Whatever long-forgotten illustrator left these paintings behind had a fine eye for detail and a gifted hand—maybe even the same hand silhouetted in red pigment



■ SCIENCE

BEHOLD THE STONE AGE

Photographs by Jean-Marie Chauvet/Jean Clottes—SYGMA

PALEOLITHIC MENAGERIE

Co-discoverer Christian Hillair inspects the rock panels at the rear of the cave that bear most of its more than 300 images

some of the oldest and least settled of questions: When, how and above all why did Homo sapiens start making art?

In the span of human prehistory, the Cro-Magnon people who drew the profusion of animals on the bulging limestone walls of the Chauvet cave were fairly late arrivals. Human technology—the making of tools from stone—had already been in existence for nearly 2 million years. There are traces of symbolism and ritual in burial sites of Neanderthals, an earlier species, dating back to 100,000 B.P. (before the present). Not only did the placement of the bodies seem meaningful, but so did the surrounding pebbles and bones with fragmentary patterns scratched on them. These, says Clottes, “do indicate that the Neanderthals had some creative capacity.”

Though the dates are vastly generalized, most prehistorians seem to agree that art—communication by visual images—came into existence somewhere around 40,000 B.P. That was about the time when Cro-Magnons, Homo sapiens, reached Ice Age Europe, having migrated from the Middle East. Some experts think the Cro-Magnons brought a weapon that made Neanderthals an evolutionary has-been: a more advanced brain, equipped with a large frontal lobe “wired” for associative thinking. For art, at its root, is association—the power to make one thing stand for and symbolize another, to create the agreements by which some marks on a surface denote, say, an animal, not just to the markmaker but to others.

Among the oldest types of art is personal decoration—ornaments such as beads, bracelets, pendants and necklaces. The body was certainly one of the first surfaces for symbolic expression. What did such symbols communicate? Presumably the wearer’s difference from others, as a member of a distinct group, tribe or totemic family: that he was a bison-man, say, and not a reindeer-man.

The Cro-Magnons were not the inarticulate Alley Oops of popular myth. They were nomadic hunter-gatherers with a fairly developed technology. They wore animal-skin clothing and moccasins tailored with bone needles, and made beautiful (and highly efficient) laurel-leaf-shaped flint blades. Living in small groups, they constructed tents from skins, and huts from branches and (in what is now Eastern Europe) mammoth bones.

Most striking was their yearning to make art in permanent places—the walls of caves. This expansion from the body to the inert surface was in itself a startling act of lateral thinking, an outward projection of huge cultural consequence, and Homo sapiens did not produce it quickly. As much



“This is a virgin site
—it’s completely intact.
It’s great art.”

— JEAN CLOTTES, French Culture Ministry

OPTICAL ILLUSION

In this panel the artists took advantage of natural bulges and dips in the rock to give the animals a three-dimensional look

time elapsed between the first recognizable art and the cave paintings of Lascaux and Altamira, about 15 to 20 millennia, as separates Lascaux (or Chauvet) from the first TV broadcasts. But now it was possible to see an objective image in shared space, one that was not the property of particular bodies and had a life of its own; and from this point the whole history of human visual communication unfolds.

We are apt to suppose that Cro-Magnon cave art was rare and exceptional. But wrongly; as New York University anthropologist Randall White points out, more than 200 late-Stone Age caves bearing wall paintings, engravings, bas-relief decorations and sculptures have been found in southwestern Europe alone. Since the discovery of Lascaux in 1940, French archaeologists have been finding an average of a cave a year—and, says professor Denis Vialou of Paris' Institute of Human Paleontology, "there are certainly many, many more to be discovered, and while many might not prove as spectacular as Lascaux or Chauvet, I'd bet that some will be just as exciting."

No doubt many will never be found. The recently discovered painted cave at Cosquer in the south of France, for instance, can be reached only by scuba divers. Its entrance now lies below the surface of the Mediterranean; in the Upper Paleolithic period, from 70,000 B.P. to 10,000 B.P., so much of Europe's water was locked up in glaciers that the sea level was some 300 ft. lower than it is today.

Why the profuseness of Cro-Magnon art? Why did these people, of whom so little is known, need images so intensely? Why the preponderance of animals over human images? Archaeologists are not much closer to answering such questions than they were a half-century ago, when Lascaux was discovered.

Part of the difficulty lies in the very definition of art. As anthropologist Margaret Conkey of the University of California, Berkeley puts it, "Many cultures don't really produce art, or even have any concept of it. They have spirits, kinship, group identity. If people from highland New Guinea looked at some of the Cro-Magnon cave art, they wouldn't see anything recognizable"—and not just because there are no woolly rhinos in New Guinea either. Today we can see almost anything as an aesthetic configuration and pull it into the eclectic orbit of late-Western "art experience": museums have trained us to do that. The paintings of Chauvet strike us as aesthetically impressive in their power and economy of line, their combination of the sculptural and the graphic—for the artists used



♥ The way animals are drawn... is evidence of something sacred. ♥

— HENRY DE LUMLEY, Museum of Natural History, Paris

THERE ONCE WAS A GUY NAMED CLYDE,



WHO WAS SEARCHING FOR A COOL, NEW RIDE.

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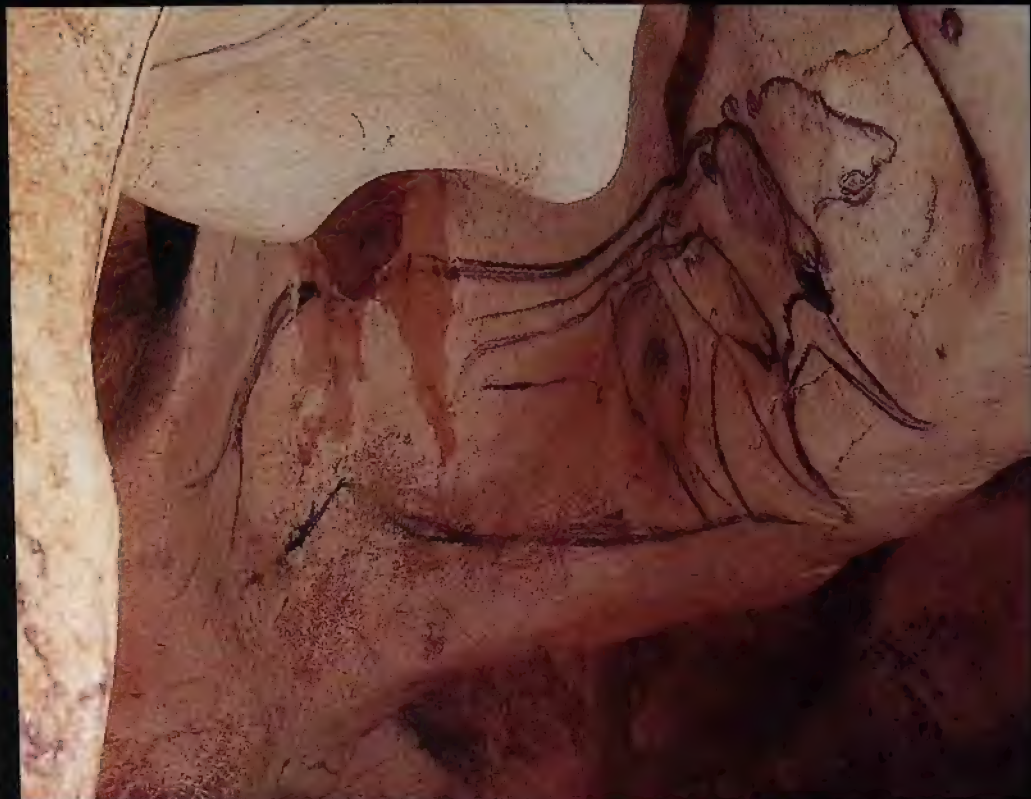
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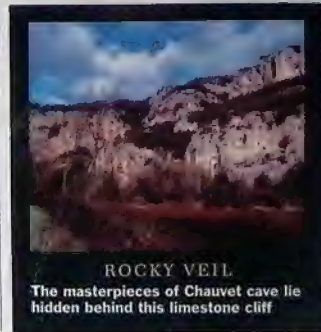


UNUSUAL SUBJECTS Prehistoric painters generally portrayed nonthreatening animals, not predators like this trio of cave lions

the natural bulges and bosses of the rock wall to flesh out the forms of the animals' rumps and bellies. But it may be that aesthetic pleasure, in our sense, was the last thing the Ice Age painters were after.

These were functional images; they were meant to produce results. But what results? To represent something, to capture its image on a wall in colored earths and animal fat, is in some sense to capture and master it; to have power over it. Lascaux is full of non-threatening animals, including wild cattle, bison and horses, but Chauvet pullulates with dangerous ones—cave bears, a panther and no fewer than 50 woolly rhinos. Such creatures, to paraphrase Claude Lévi-Strauss, were good to think with, not good to eat. We can assume they had a symbolic value, maybe even a religious value, to those who drew them, that they supplied a framework of images in which needs, values and fears—in short, a network of social consciousness—could be expressed. But we have no idea what this framework was, and merely to call it "animistic" does not say much.

Some animals have more than four legs, or grotesquely exaggerated horns; is that just style, or does it argue a state of ritual trance or hallucination in the artists? No answer, though some naturally occurring manganese oxides, the base of some of the blacks used in cave paintings, are



ROCKY VEIL
The masterpieces of Chauvet cave lie hidden behind this limestone cliff

known to be toxic and to act on the central nervous system. And the main technique of Cro-Magnon art, according to prehistorian Michel Lorblanchet, director of France's National Center of Scientific Research, involved not brushes but a kind of oral spray-painting—blowing pigment dissolved in saliva on the wall. Lorblanchet, who has re-created cave paintings with uncanny accuracy, suggests that the technique may have had a spiritual dimension: "Spitting is a way of projecting yourself onto the wall, becoming one with the horse you are painting. Thus the action melds with the myth. Perhaps the shamans did this as a way of passing into the world beyond."

Different hands (and mouths) were involved in the production, but whose hands? Did the whole Cro-Magnon group at Chauvet paint, or did it have an élite of artists, to be viewed by nonartists as something like priests or professionals? Or does the joining of many hands in a collaborative work express a kind of treaty between rival groups? Or were the paintings added to

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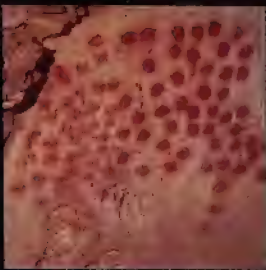
CLOUTIS—RHINO



CHAUVET—RHINO



CLOUTIS—RHINO



CHAUVET—RHINO



MIXED MEDIA
 Pictures of woolly rhinos, top, have never been seen in such large numbers; extra legs indicate that the bison at far left was running; experts have no good theory for what the red spots represent; the bear skull at right was placed with evident care atop a slab of rock, with fragments of many more skulls on the floor nearby

over generations, producing the crowded, palimpsest-like effect suggested by some of the photos? And so on.

A mere picture of a bison or a woolly rhino tells us nothing much. Suppose, France's Clottes suggests, that 20,000 years from now, after a global cataclysm in which all books perished and the word vanished from the face of the earth, some excavators dig up the shell of a building. It has pointy ogival arches and a long axial hall at the end of which is a painting of a man nailed to a cross. In the absence of written evidence, what could this effigy mean? No more than the bison or rhino on the rock at Chauvet. Representation and symbolism have parted company.

Chauvet cave could be viewed as a religious site—a paleolithic cathedral. Some have even suggested that a bear's skull found perched on a rock was an "altar." Says Henry de Lumley, director of France's National Museum of Natural History: "The fact that the iconography is relatively consistent, that it seems to obey certain rules about

placement and even the way animals are drawn ... is evidence of something sacred." Yet nobody lived in the cave, and no one in his right mind could imagine doing so; the first analyses of the contents have yielded no signs of human habitation, beyond the traces of animal-fat lamps and torches used by temporary visitors, and some mounds of pigmented earth left behind by the artists.

Modern artists make art to be seen by a public, the larger (usually) the better. The history of public art as we know it, across the past 1,000 years and more, is one of increasing access—beginning with the church open to the worshippers and ending with the pack-'em-in ethos of the modern museum, with its support-system of orientation courses, lectures, films, outreach programs and souvenir shops. Cro-Magnon cave art was probably meant to be seen by very few people, under conditions of extreme difficulty and dread. The caves may have been places of initiation and trial, in which consciousness was tested to an extent that we can only dimly imagine, so utterly different is our grasp

of the world from that of the Cro-Magnons.

Try to imagine an art gallery that could be entered only by crawling on your belly through a hole in the earth; that ramified into dark tunnels, a fearful maze in the earth's bowels in which the gallerygoer could, at any moment, disturb one of the bears whose claw marks can still be seen on the walls; where the only light came from flickering torches, and the bones of animals littered the uneven floor. These are the archaic conditions that, one may surmise, produced the array of cave fears implanted in the human brain—fears that became absorbed into a later, more developed culture in such narratives as that of the mythical Cretan labyrinth in whose core the terrible Minotaur waited. Further metabolized, and more basically misunderstood, these sacred terrors of the deep earth undergird the Christian myth of hell. Which may, in fact, be the strongest Cro-Magnon element left in modern life.

—Reported by
 David Bjerkie and Andrea Dorfman/New York,
 Bruce Crumley and Tala Skari/Paris

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ANCIENT ODYSSEYS

As early humans migrated around the globe, image making spread rapidly

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

THE HUMAN MIND CAN'T EASILY comprehend huge expanses of time. Once the years run into the tens of thousands, our brain lumps them together into an undifferentiated mass. The catchall term prehistoric art works perfectly with this sort of thinking. It sounds like just another episode in art history—modern art, Renaissance art, Byzantine art, prehistoric art.

In reality, the artworks created before history began—prior, say, to about 10,000 B.P. (before the present)—cover a much longer time span than what has come afterward. Southwestern European cave painting, only the most familiar expression of ancient creativity, was done over a period of at least 10,000 years. And when Paleolithic people first crawled into the Chauvet cave to daub the walls with images of rhinos and bears, nearly half of all art history was already over with.

When art first appeared, presumably around 40,000 B.P., it spread quickly. Within a mere 5,000 years—barely the blink of an eye on paleontological time scales—the work of early artists popped up

in several corners of the globe. Archaeologists have found more than 10,000 sculpted and engraved objects in hundreds of locations across Europe, southern Africa, northern Asia and Australia. The styles range from realistic to abstract, and the materials include stone, bone, antler, ivory, wood, paint, teeth, claws, shells and clay that have been carved, sculpted and painted to represent animals, plants, geometric forms, landscape features and human beings—virtually every medium and every kind of subject that artists would return to thousands of years later.

This creative explosion is best documented in Europe, largely because that is where most of the excavations have taken place. Early body decoration, for example, was found in the 1950s by Soviet archaeologists at Sungir, near the Russian city of Vladimir. From graves dating back to 28,000 B.P., they unearthed the remains of a 10-year-old girl, a 12-year-old boy and a 60-year-old man. The three are festooned with beads, more than 14,000 all told. But each is adorned in a different way, evidence that body decoration was used to emphasize gender and age distinctions in social groups. In addition to the beads, the girl has delicate

snowflake-like carvings around her head and torso. The boy has no snowflakes but wears a belt made from 240 fox canine teeth. And the man is wearing a single pendant made of stone in the middle of his chest. Another distinction: the beads on the children's bodies are approximately two-thirds the size of those the man is wearing.

At about the same time that the three were being buried—give or take a few millennia—a new sort of artifact begins to appear in the prehistorical record. Archaeologists working at sites all across Europe and well into Russia have found dozens of so-called Venus figurines: miniature sculptures of big-breasted, broad-hipped women. The statuettes, which may have been used in fertility rites or even religious ceremonies, suggest a worshipful attitude toward fertility and reproduction.

By 22,000 B.P., archaeologists have found, the first evidence of the cave paintings that appeal so strongly to modern eyes begins to appear. The paintings, some of them realistic portraits of animals, others depicting half-human, half-animal figures or abstract symbols, soon became the dominant form of prehistoric European art. They remained important until 10,000 B.P.,

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ART THROUGH THE PREHISTORIC AGES



KAKADU NATIONAL PARK, Australia
40,000 B.P. (?)
Symbols and handprints painted on a rock shelter



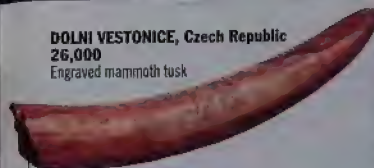
KOSTENKI, Russia
36,000
Drilled bead of fossilized sea-urchin spine



WILLENDORF, Austria
30,000
Carved limestone female figurine



APOLLO 11 CAVE, Namibia
29,000 to 26,000 (?)
Rock painting of cat like animal



DOLNI VESTONICE, Czech Republic
26,000
Engraved mammoth tusk



GRIMALDI, Italy
23,000
Serpentine pendant depicting a pregnant woman



LASCAUX, France
18,000 to 17,000
Portion of the Hall of the Bulls



ALTAMIRA, Spain
12,000
Cave painting of a bison



when, along with the glaciers of the last Ice Age, they seem to have melted away from human consciousness.

Those are the broad outlines, at least, of early art history. The details are much messier: it's not as though one phase gave way smoothly to another. Beadwork and statuette carving didn't stop just because cave painting began—and the presence of caves didn't automatically inspire people to cover them with images. Says Jean Clottes, one of France's pre-eminent authorities on prehistoric art: "There are a lot of caves in Yugoslavia, for example, but no paintings in them." Moreover, there is enormous regional variation in what sorts of art were produced at what times.

The story is even less straightforward in other parts of the world. Not only have extensive explorations been less common outside Europe, but also what's been found has proved difficult to date. Nonetheless, it is clear that artists were at work in Australia and southern Africa, at least, at roughly the same time as their European cousins.

The Australian continent abounds in Aboriginal rock art, both paintings and engravings. Much of it lies in a 1,500-mile-long, boomerang-shaped area across the country's north coast. Archaeologist Darrell Lewis of the Australian National University estimates that there are at least 10,000 rock-art sites on the Arnhem Land plateau alone, in the Northern Territory. "Each of these sites," he says, "can have several hundred paintings." But unlike early inhabitants of Europe, who frequently decorated caves over a short period and then abandoned them, the Australian Aborigines would return over and over to the same sites—a practice that still goes on today. Unraveling the history of a single

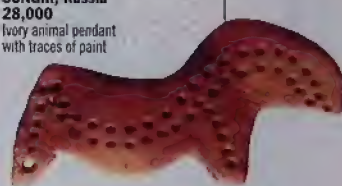
site can thus be extremely complicated.

How old is Australia's art? Some archaeologists insist that certain paintings of human hands and life-size crocodiles and kangaroos were done 50,000 years ago, but these experts may be overconfident of their dating techniques. Another controversial assertion is the claim by anthropologist Alan Thorne of the Australian National University that a small piece of red ochre (a kind of clay), dated to 50,000 B.P., was worn down on one side like a piece of chalk by humans. "Whether it was ground to paint a shelter or a person or part of a wall, I don't think anyone would disagree that it is evidence of art," says Thorne. Even if Australia's art is not as ancient as Thorne thinks, there is strong evidence that at least two rock carvings found in the Bimbowrie Hills are more than 40,000 years old, and that scores of others in the area fall between 30,000 and 20,000 B.P.

SOUTHERN AFRICA'S ARTISTIC RECORD is much sparser. Scientists have unearthed a pendant made from a seashell that may be more than 40,000 years old, carved bones and beads made from ostrich eggshells that probably date from around 27,000 B.P., and paintings on slabs of rock in a Namibian cave that may be nearly as old. But like Australia's Aborigines, southern Africa's indigenous people carried on their rock-art tradition into modern times, confusing anthropologists' tasks considerably.

And in the rest of the world... nothing. Not in the Middle East, not in Southeast Asia, not in China or Japan or Korea, and not in North Africa before 15,000 B.P. at the very earliest—although there is ample evidence of an ancient human presence in

SUNGIR, Russia
28,000
Ivory animal pendant with traces of paint



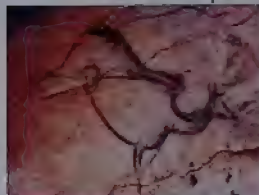
all these areas. This may mean the people there weren't interested in art, or it may simply be that they painted or carved on wood or animal skins, which have long since rotted away.

Nobody can do more than speculate about the answer. That uncertainty, along with the spottiness of the archaeological record—even in an intensively studied area like southern France—makes it hard to know whether art, once invented, was a universal practice. Probably not, argues archaeologist Olga Soffer, of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign: "Art is a social phenomenon that appears and disappears and, in some places, may not arise at all." But many anthropologists counter that the term art is usually defined too narrowly. What paleolithic humans really invented, they say, is symbolic representation, and by that definition art may well appear in every culture—though it might not be easy for us to recognize.

It's also difficult to say whether art originated in a specific part of the world. By the time of humanity's great artistic awakening, Homo sapiens had probably already traveled from its African homeland through most of Europe and Asia. The urge to make art could have arisen in any of these places and spread throughout the



AVDEEVO, Russia
25,000
Ivory figurine of a woman



CHAUVET, France
20,000
Painting of a giant deer



MEZHIRICH, Ukraine
18,000 to 15,000
Intricately patterned mammoth-bone hut



ROCHER DE LA PEINE, France
12,000
Necklace of shells and animal teeth

world, or it could have happened in many areas independently.

There are problems with either scenario, however. "The pattern is puzzling," observes anthropologist Randall White. "One of the most common forms of body adornment in Western Europe during this early period is canine teeth from carnivores, drilled with holes and worn as dangling ornamentation. And damned if in Australia, some 35,000 to 40,000 years ago, this isn't exactly what they're doing too." It might seem like an unremarkable coincidence—after all, carnivores must have loomed large in every culture. But anthropologists have learned that such coincidences are actually quite rare. If art did spread around the world, it moved with astonishing speed (on a paleontological time scale, that is), and, says White, "it's a long way from southern France to Australia."

One possible explanation: art was percolating along for tens of thousands of years before most of the known examples show up. Perhaps the original Homo sapiens populations in Africa invented art and

carried it to other regions. The reasons nothing much has been found dating before 40,000 B.P., goes the argument, are that scientists haven't looked hard enough and most of the evidence has perished. As appealing as it may seem though, this art-is-older-than-we-think theory has attracted little support; the demarcation line at 40,000 B.P. is just too sharp.

New discoveries like the one at the Chauvet cave, and more intensive study of existing sites, are constantly giving archaeologists more information to work with. Also, dating techniques are becoming more refined. It used to be that scientists needed to test a large sample of paint to pinpoint its age. And, says anthropologist Margaret Conkey, "no one was willing to scrape a bison's rump off the wall." Now it takes only a tiny sample. French prehistory expert Arlette Leroi-Courhan estimates dates by using pollen particles preserved on cave floors.

The results of all these studies, while always enlightening, don't necessarily simplify things for scientists. A new analysis of the Cosquer cave on the French Riviera, for

example, has shown that painted handprints on the walls date to 27,000 B.P., while images of horses and other animals came some 9,000 years later. Rather than being decorated in a single, prolonged burst of creativity, the cavern was painted over scores of centuries, quite possibly by artists who had no connection of any kind with one another, unlike Aborigines, whose culture has direct links to the distant past.

Prehistoric art was created over so long a period by so many different humans in so many parts of the world, and presumably for so many different reasons, that it may never fit into a tidy catalog. These ancient masterpieces are telling us that our prehistoric forebears had modes of expression more varied than we once imagined—and also that we'll never truly understand just how rich their lives must have been.

—Reported by David Bjorklie and Andrea Dorfman/New York, Tim Blair/Melbourne, Peter Hawthorne/Cape Town and Thomas Sanction/Paris

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QUALITY IS JOB 1.

Jack E. White

Let's Scrap the N.A.A.C.P.

THIS IS A HEARTBREAKING STORY TO WRITE AT THE START of Black History Month. For decades, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was the nation's premier civil rights organization, doing more than anyone else to make the nation live up to its promise of equality under the law. Today the N.A.A.C.P. has become an embarrassment to African Americans—poorly managed, riddled with venality, and with almost nothing to say about the momentous racial issues. After 85 years the N-Double-A has finally outlived its usefulness at the national level. It's time to pull the plug on this sham and try something new.

The case for an institutional mercy killing goes beyond the N.A.A.C.P.'s scandalous financial condition—though that alone is reason enough. In December seven members of the N.A.A.C.P.'s board of directors and its tax-exempt Special Contributions Fund filed a federal lawsuit alleging that chairman of the board William Gibson has "caused or permitted" more than \$1.4 million of the organization's money to be squandered.

Based largely on N.A.A.C.P. financial records leaked to syndicated columnist Carl Rowan, the suit contends that during Gibson's 10 years as chairman, he has run up \$500,000 worth of charges on his N.A.A.C.P.-paid American Express Card, while receiving at least \$300,000 in reimbursements for the same expenses. "I've known Gibson to call up and threaten to kick people's ass if the American Express bill wasn't paid on time," says a former N.A.A.C.P. administrator. "He traveled first class all the time." This alleged high living occurred at a time when the N.A.A.C.P. was running up a \$4.5 million deficit, furloughing 90 members of its staff and letting hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of bills go unpaid.

Gibson's angry denial of any misappropriation indicates how shoddily the N.A.A.C.P. has been managed. He says his American Express bills were sent directly to the organization's executive director, who did not ask for any written explanation of what N.A.A.C.P. business Gibson was conducting before authorizing payment. When asked why he did not provide such customary justification for his expenditures as a list of the people he was entertaining (in expensive restaurants, while traveling to various cities and riding about in limousines), Gibson replied, "We have knowledge of who they were." Nobody else does.

Reports that numerous creditors were threatening to sue the N.A.A.C.P. frightened the board last October into authorizing an independent audit of spending by Gibson and other N.A.A.C.P. officers. It was supposed to be finished by Feb. 18, when the organization meets to elect its leaders. But, say Gibson's critics, the chairman and his cronies—known inside the N.A.A.C.P. as "the tribe"—stalled the hiring of an account-

ing firm until last week, when Coopers & Lybrand was finally hired. The audit will not include an examination of the N.A.A.C.P. Image Awards, an annually televised program that has lost more than \$1 million over the past three years—largely because of huge bills for hotels, lavish meals and stretch limousines that board members enjoyed while visiting Hollywood for the ostensible purpose of making sure the production ran smoothly. According to a board member, last year's ceremony almost didn't take place because the accountant who tallied the ballots to determine the winners refused to release the results until he was paid—as did the company that manufactures the Oscar-like statues that are given to honorees. They got their money less than two hours before the show was due to start.

Dissident board members are now trying to replace Gibson and his clique with a slate headed by Myrlie Evers-Williams, the widow of Medgar Evers—but it's not certain they have the votes. Why did they wait so long to move against him?

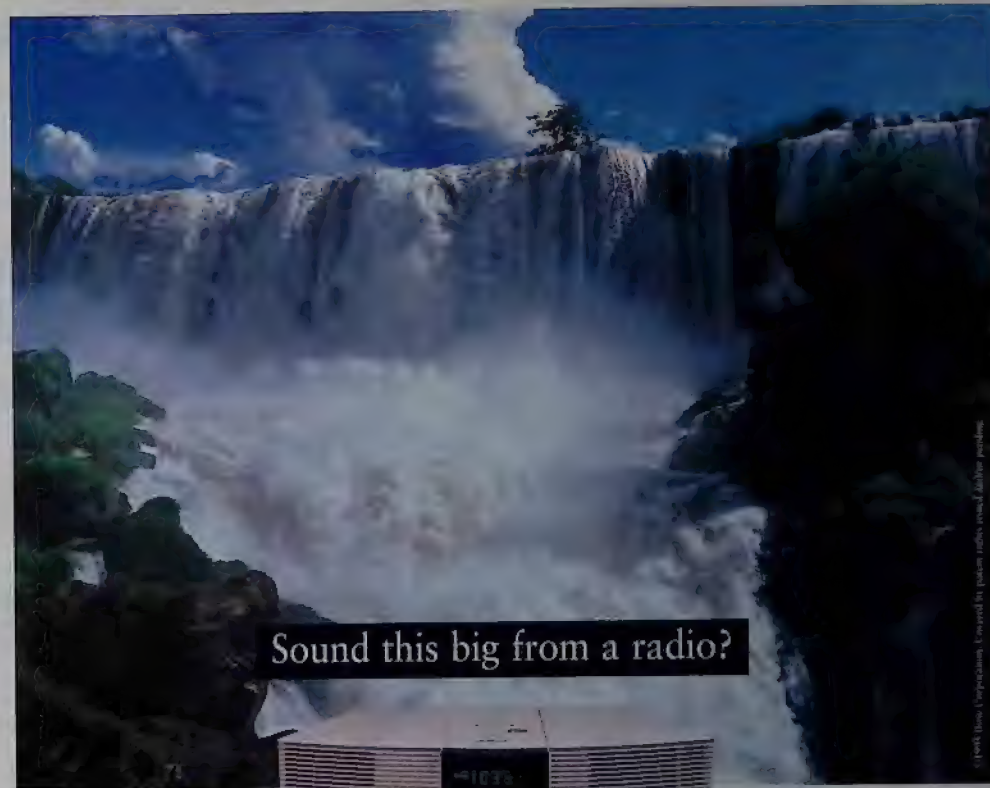
C. Delores Tucker, a prime mover behind the anti-Gibson offensive, admits that she and others have known about the alleged fiscal improprieties for years but did nothing about them—even though she says, "Gibson was doing

more damage to the N.A.A.C.P. than the Ku Klux Klan ever could." In fact, she and the others who filed suit did so only after discovering that, as directors, they could be held personally financially liable for the organization's fiscal misdeeds. Former N.A.A.C.P. staff members have another explanation. They say the critics did not speak up sooner out of fear of "washing our dirty laundry in public." That's another way of saying they did not want the N.A.A.C.P. rank and file to know how badly its affairs were being handled.

Evers-Williams deserves one last shot at restoring the N.A.A.C.P.'s old luster. But its current leaders have made such a shambles of the group that it may not be worth saving. The money and effort required to get it back on its feet would be better invested in creating a new organization that could shape a civil rights agenda for the 21st century. The well-trained blacks who have shunned the N.A.A.C.P. in recent years would flock to it in droves if it would: 1) listen to their ideas, 2) administer its finances openly, 3) subject its officers to term limits so that no clique could gain a monopoly on power, and 4) recruit a staff from the best minds in black America. Such an organization could be based on the 2,200 N.A.A.C.P. chapters that already exist around the country, many of which remain vibrant champions of racial progress in their local communities. It would be so much like the N.A.A.C.P. used to be that it could keep the old initials—the New African American Campaign for Progress.



The chairman allegedly lived like a king at N.A.A.C.P. expense



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"A ballerina needs taste and ego and determination. She should be a ham, looking at you and trying to provoke you. Beyond that, the secret is in a fresh way of phrasing, of playing with the music."

—MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV

"It doesn't hurt to be pretty either."

—PETER MARTINS

"BALLET IS WOMAN" IS GEORGE BALANCHINE'S MOST FREQUENTLY QUOTED REMARK. Of course he was right. Enchanted bird, sleeping princess, sugarplum confection—the woman on her toes unlocks the mysteries of dance. It takes nothing away from male virtuosity, or the boost that Nureyev and Baryshnikov gave ballet, to say that female stars carry the art.

Until the past few years, there has hardly been a lack of them. In the 1970s and early '80s, the international roster included Natalia Makarova, Suzanne Farrell, Gelsey Kirkland, Cynthia Gregory and Carla Fracci. In those days there were also thrilling partnerships that sold out houses worldwide. In Britain the great linkage of Fonteyn and Nureyev was followed by the pairing of Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell. Erik Bruhn and Fracci raced about the world bolstering the box office at various companies. Baryshnikov was the pivot in two blazing partnerships: one with Makarova that reached back to the pair's Russian roots, and an American one with Kirkland.

Back then ballet flourished, gaining new audiences, people who believed they were getting in on a Golden Age. But one by one, the stars went out and were not replaced. The quality of dancers did not decline—their skills were if anything more remarkable—but somehow the magic vanished.

Now, for the first time in more than a decade, things are looking up. Among newcomers, there are several young ballerinas who combine technical wizardry with terrific impact. The most remarkable of them is the Royal Ballet's Darcey Bussell, 25, a beautiful young woman who seems poised to be a major star of the future. American Ballet Theatre's Paloma Herrera, only 19, commands the stage in every bold, joyous performance she gives. And at the New York City Ballet, two relative beginners, Jennifer Ringer, 21, and Miranda Weese, 20, both just promoted to soloist rank, are darting through the difficult repertoire and making it sizzle.

ANTHONY CHING/ANAN FOR TIME

What gives a dancer the priceless élan that makes the audience lose its heart? Baryshnikov, who was artistic director of American Ballet Theatre from 1980 to 1989 and was never lucky enough to develop a star ballerina, is right that an imaginative response to music is crucial. All four women move in highly individual ways, and Bussell is particularly daring in her responses. Baryshnikov also points to the obvious qualities a ballerina must possess: the confidence and drive and "extraordinary natural facility." But humility is necessary as well. "A young girl must open her heart and mind," Baryshnikov says. "She must have the ability to learn, and learn from people who have never been as good as she already is. If you start out saying, 'Why listen? He can't do half what I can do,' it's hopeless."

That openness was the first sign Darcey Bussell gave of future greatness. She started late, at age 13, at London's Royal Ballet School, where her contemporaries were already at the third level. Patricia Linton, an important teacher there, remembers telling her she had better hurry up or give up. "Darcey took it in stride, the logic of training. All her moves were generous, and she had a lovely, open honesty."

Bussell blossomed into a leggy beauty and at 19 was picked by choreographer Kenneth MacMillan to dance the lead in his last full-length work, *The Prince of the Pagodas*. Since then she has danced all the classics except *Giselle*—"Can't wait," is her reaction to the prospect of playing that quintessential romantic heroine.

Though she has lived in London all her life, Bussell is often characterized as having a distinctly American style. That is shorthand for speed, an audacious freedom of movement and an offhand, nonshowy virtuosity—all qualities that make Bussell exhilarating to watch. With such a style, it was inevitable that she would conquer America, and she did so in June 1993 at the gala marking New York City Ballet's Balanchine celebration. To dramatize the international impact of Balanchine's work, artistic director Peter Martins invited some foreign dancers to perform with the company. Bussell was ablaze in the sexy pas de deux

TED VAN DER FINE

Darcey
Bussell

A beautiful modern virtuoso anchored in a great tradition

Paloma
Herrera

A teenager who, with each spectacular leap, shows the sheer joy of being out there, dancing



Jennifer Ringer

Dark and willowy, she is a dramatic performer who dances from the heart

from *Agon*—and brought down the house, the prime spectacle on a spectacular night. Her reaction to the ovation was typical: "I didn't expect it—all that for just a pas de deux. Weird."

SHE SHRUGS OFF HER PRECOCIOUS exploits. She is the rare dancer who could also be a model, and she enjoys occasional fashion shoots. Designers compete to have her wear their creations. A recent issue of London's *Tatler* magazine showed her with a diamond as big as the Ritz—between her teeth. She was made an officer of the Order of the British Empire in the Queen's most recent honors list, a remarkable achievement for a 25-year-old.

Still young and fresh, Bussell has become fixed in the firmament. Paloma Herrera is well on her way. Born in Buenos Aires to a well-off family, when she came to the U.S. only four years ago to study at the School of American Ballet, she was distressed. Her training had been in the older, European style that called for careful poses. Says a teacher: "She was 15, dancing 35." Herrera changed her technique but not her dream of dancing just about everything—not only Mr. B. but the classics, Antony Tudor, Twyla Tharp as well. So she joined A.B.T. instead of City Ballet. Onstage she can seem like the illusion of

a trick camera, some hypothetical device that can do slow and speed-up at once. She has a high jump and executes complicated allegro moves with clarity and miraculously delicate musicianship. But what she communicates most is the sheer joy of being out there.

Jennifer Ringer took the more conventional route. After graduating from the School of American Ballet, she went on to New York City Ballet. This winter season has been a sort of Jenny Ringer festival at Lincoln Center. She has danced 15 roles already this season. Her boss

Peter Martins says he "hasn't yet seen what she can't do. And she learns roles like lightning." Dark, willowy, with a lovely, lyrical line, she is unusual in the current City Ballet roster in that she obviously enjoys acting. Balanchine's motto, "Just do," isn't enough for her. Sean Lavery's pas de deux based on the *Romeo and Juliet* balcony scene gives her the extra depth she revels in, and her portrayal of Juliet, sketched in just a few minutes, establishes both the modesty and the tragic will of the character. Martins calls her his "little Shakespeare girl." Ringer dances from the heart, and that should serve her well as a dramatic ballerina, a breed of artist that is in short supply these days.

If Ringer plays to the crowd, Miranda Weese says she dances "as much for myself as for the audience." Perfectly proportioned with an ample, sculpted style, she is an especially gifted turner (ballet patois for the ability to spin). A native of Southern California, she is a reticent, thoughtful person whose concentration is complete but not inhibiting. "When performing I feel completely free," she says. "Only in rehearsal do I worry about technique." Jerome Robbins chose her (and Ringer) to be in his new ballet, *2 & 3 Part Inventions*. Weese enjoyed working with the master, who is 76. Her Southern Cal call: "He is in the moment." She realizes that once the novelty of being the new kid in town wears off, she will have to work to stay prominent: "Now I'm a new thing, and if you have something new, you use it a lot."

This quartet stands a good chance to prevail and bring excitement back to the ballet world. After the dreary years, these women are needed. Why has ballet had troubles recently? Martins points to the loss of Balanchine, ballet's presiding genius, and of such grand figures as Lucia Chase, who ran American Ballet Theatre for 35 years. Further, he notes that some of the mystery went out of the art with the breakup of the Soviet

Union—no more defectors with their fathomless melancholy, struggling for a free artistic life.

But something also changed about the dancers themselves. Youths are now capable of astonishing technical feats—just as they are in various Olympic sports. Too often both choreography and coaching emphasize virtuosity in what might be called a can-you-top-this derby. Violette Verdy, an elegant Paris Opéra ballerina who came to City Ballet in the '50s and is now a teaching associate, ponders the differences between her own, gentler dance culture and the harder, high-tech world in which this generation must work. "We live now under so many pressures. This is a time of technique. Speed becomes violence; energy becomes stridency."

That is where Bussell and her bridesmaids come in. Darcy always dances big, her moves expanding the music and lending pliancy to the tautest Stravinsky in *Agon*. Herrera carries with her the timeless aura of the theater. Ringer has the potential to bring forward the Romantic tradition. As for Weese, there is a mysteriousness that is still intact, while her grace and skill are obvious.

We may be approaching an era of poetry in motion. ■



Miranda Weese

Turn, turn, turn—perfect proportions and an ample, sculpted style

TELEVISION

When Chicago Was Heaven

The great, largely undocumented migration of blacks from South to North is moving recounted in *The Promised Land*

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

WHEN THE BUS CARRYING O'Dell Wills from Mississippi to Chicago in 1950 neared its destination, the sharecroppers' son could hardly contain his excitement. "When we hit the city limits," he recalls, "I said, 'Wow! I'm home free. This is heaven.'" Fifteen years later, Dorothy Tillman, a civil rights worker arriving from Alabama, saw the high-rise apartment buildings where most blacks then lived and had a different reaction. "Look at all them there factories in the middle of the city," she said to her companion. "Those are not factories," he replied. "People live there."

Between 1940 and 1970, 5 million blacks moved up north from the South, a mass movement described in *The Promised Land*, a five-part documentary series airing next week on the Discovery Channel, as "the greatest peacetime migration in American history." It was a phenomenon that went largely undocumented at the time. Many of the migrants—and the ones focused on in this lucid, moving documentary—came from the Mississippi Delta and headed due north, to the booming city of Chicago.

Life for blacks in the South during the Depression was scarcely better than it had been during slavery. Sharecropping farmers were paid according to the amount of cotton they picked. But the totting up was done by agents of the plantation owner, and cheating was

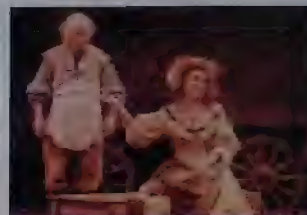
common. Most blacks could not vote, and segregation was entrenched. "Mississippi was intolerable," says one migrant. "You had to go anyplace but here."

No wonder Chicago looked like heaven. World War II had sparked an upsurge in factory jobs, and black workers from the South were suddenly in demand. Yet the influx of migrants, and the refusal of white neighborhoods to integrate, gave rise to ghettos. As the series moves into the 1960s, familiar urban dynamics start to appear: the emergence of gangs and drug-related violence, as well as the arrival of civil rights activists, who fought to integrate the city and faced opposition as fierce as anything encountered in Little Rock or Selma.

Following such estimable models as *The Civil War* and *Eyes on the Prize*, *The Promised Land* (produced by Anthony Geffen and based on the critically acclaimed 1991 book by Nicholas Lemann) recounts this social history with understated narration (by Morgan Freeman), evocative music (blues and gospel) and the plainspoken words of people who lived through it. They are mostly anonymous folks, free of sanctimony or self-importance. People like Uless Carter, a bespectacled, Mississippi-born minister, who reminisces with the sweet-tempered grace of a character in a John Ford western. Or James Hinton, one of 22 children of Alabama sharecroppers, who later owned a Chicago barbershop and whose gentle, unhurried gravity is something close to poetry. Like this series. ■



ANYPLACE BUT MISSISSIPPI: Southern migrants arrive in Chicago around 1950



MATCH GAME: Bedford and Bertish sort things out in *The Imaginary Cuckold*

THEATER

Molière Lite

Two one-act farces brighten a lackluster Broadway season

AT A TIME WHEN BROADWAY CAN'T lure even Neil Simon back for a return engagement (America's most popular playwright will have his next work produced off-Broadway), it may seem odd to find it putting out the welcome mat for Molière. Yet the adventurous Roundabout Theatre Company has resurrected two one-act plays by the 17th century French master, dubbed them *The Molière Comedies* and fashioned a sprightly, entertaining evening. These are slight, early works by the author of *Tartuffe* and *The Misanthrope*, but in a fallow Broadway season, Molière Lite is better than nothing.

Brian Bedford, the Shakespearean veteran who won a Tony nomination last year for *Timon of Athens*, has the central role in both plays. In the first, *School for Husbands*, he's the overprotective guardian of a young woman (Patricia Dunnock) whom he intends to marry. She, however, has other plans—namely, getting the guardian to unwittingly bring her together with the younger fellow she really loves. Bedford, wearing long Ben Franklin locks and mugging dryly to the audience, helps overcome the sense that these are stock characters whom Molière would develop more fully in later works.

The second play, *The Imaginary Cuckold*, is even briefer, but busier and more satisfying. Bedford, this time with a wisp of flyaway red hair, is a mistrustful married man who thinks his wife (Suzanne Bertish) is having an affair with a young swain (David Aaron Baker) who, in turn, thinks his fiancée is secretly married to Bedford. That's only about half the misunderstandings in this cramped, convoluted farce, but director Michael Langham keeps the threads from tangling and knits them into one expert, entertaining weave. —R.Z.

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Gentleman Slam Dunker

Nastiness is routine in the N.B.A., but the league's most popular player, Detroit's Grant Hill, is both an All-Star and a nice guy

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS AS IF ALL THE great sports heroes are dead or deadbeats or accused of killing somebody. Are Pete Rose, Mike Tyson or O.J. Simpson role models? Only if the role is on a TV mini-series. The list of troubled sports stars goes on and on. Tennis prodigy Jennifer Capriati's substance abuse. Incurable rebounder Dennis Rodman's hairstyling and discipline problems. And, of course, Tonya Harding. It all makes you wonder if there is any hope for sports heroism.

There is, and his name is Grant Hill. A rookie who plays forward for the Detroit Pistons basketball team, Hill has already made N.B.A. history. When fans finished voting last month for the players they wanted to see in the All-Star Game, to be played next Sunday in Phoenix, Arizona, Hill, 22, received more ballots than anyone else. It was the first time ever that a rookie had led the polling. Not even Michael Jordan, to whom Hill is often compared, was the top vote getter during his first year.

Averaging 18 points, five rebounds and four assists a game, Hill certainly has All-Star talent, but the fans were responding to more than the stat sheet. Basketball has become ever more raucous and ill-mannered in recent years, and the fans want relief from selfish, trash-talking stars like the Phoenix Suns' Charles Barkley, who earlier this season announced that were it not for him, his fellow Suns would be decent players on bad teams.

In Hill, fans have found a player with old-school grace, a guy who is organizing a summer camp for kids and calls assistant coaches Sir. Says Pistons guard Joe Dumars, a mentor of Hill's: "It's a league of guys who are out of control. Fringe behavior is being recognized and accepted, sometimes even rewarded. It's probably not a healthy comment that Grant is being recognized for just being a good person, but it's time we get back to that." Pistons

coach Don Chaney agrees: "Grant is headed for stardom. You can't talk it, and you can't teach it. The fans are getting hungry—hungry—and are getting tired of immature athletes. They want something better." They have it in Hill, who downplays his burgeoning popularity. "I don't carry myself like an All-Star," he



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says, "I carry myself as if I'm a rookie trying to make it in the N.B.A. and be as good as I can be. Look at the way I walk. I don't strut; I don't swagger."

He credits his parents for his achievements. His father is Calvin Hill, an All-Ivy football running back at Yale and a Pro Bowler in the N.F.L. His mother, Janet, was educated at Wellesley and was a friend and suitemate of Hillary Rodham Clinton's. "I know this sounds funny," he

says, "but it was almost like being born into a royal family and being raised like a prince, being taught one day to become king. Not just how to be an athlete, but how to do things right." The Hill household in Virginia was a strict one: Grant's parents wouldn't even let him use the phone except on weekends. Hill went on to play for Duke University, where he led his team to two national championships.

Although he is 6 ft. 8 in. and weighs 225 lbs., Hill moves with the muscular grace of an Alvin Ailey dancer. He can get by defenders as quick as light through a window. Still, he is a rookie, and he could improve—his long-range shot needs a little work, for example.

"There are no glaring faults in his game," says Dumars, an All-Star who helped lead the Pistons to championships in 1989 and 1990. "You don't take a sledgehammer and break his game apart, you take a chisel. You just run by and whisper something in his ear."

Hill's deal with the Pistons will pay him \$45 million over eight years. In the meantime, his straight-arrow image is attracting marketers, and he already has endorsement contracts with Fila shoes, Schick razors, GMC Trucks and Sprite that pay him an estimated \$5 million a year. Brian Murphy, editor of the *Sports Marketing Letter*, says Hill is the N.B.A.'s most marketable player, with the exception of rapping, jamming Orlando Magic center Shaquille O'Neal. "Hill exudes 'regular guy,'" says Murphy. "You admire him, but you feel you could talk to him if you met him." Despite his sudden riches, Hill lives in a three-bedroom condo in a Detroit suburb near the Pistons' arena; his most indulgent furnishings are five arcade video games.

The Pistons have a losing record, and Hill is determined to turn the team around. "I don't show it, but I'm very cocky and very confident underneath," he says. "When I show up on the

court, I feel I'm the best player out there, and no one can stop me. I want to beat you and embarrass you bad. But I don't want people to know that. It's like a little secret I keep to myself." There's no doubt, though, that many of the 1,289,585 fans who voted him into the All-Star Game saw the winner's raw passion beneath Hill's gentility. Sorry, Grant—your secret's out. —Reported by William McWhirter/Detroit

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Despite an effort to turn him into a legend, Harvey Milk was no Othello or Wotan, and his life makes for uninspired opera

By MICHAEL WALSH

SEVEN YEARS AGO, COMPOSER JOHN Adams, librettist Alice Goodman and director Peter Sellars rocked the opera world with *Nixon in China*. A number of provocative operas based on the lives of the still living or recently deceased followed, and now composer Stewart Wallace and librettist Michael Korie continue the trend with *Harvey Milk*, currently in its maiden run at the Houston Grand Opera. But where *Nixon* took someone who had become a cartoon devil and made him into a man, *Harvey Milk* takes a fairly ordinary man and makes him into a cartoon saint.

Milk was a gay politician in San Francisco who became a martyr of the homosexual-rights movement in 1978, when he was shot and killed by another city councilman. The opera divides his life into three parts: "The Closet," "The Castro" and "City Hall" represent his sexual coming-of-age as a gay Jewish boy in New York, his rise to local fame at the epicenter of San Francisco's outlandish and highly promiscuous gay neighborhood and, finally, his death at the hands of Dan White, a former cop and fireman who hated everything Milk stood for.

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Director Christopher Alden stages the action briskly, resisting the temptation to demonize White. Robert Orth as Milk and Raymond Very as White are well-matched antagonists, vocally and dramatically, and Ward Holmquist conducts the score convincingly. The production will travel to New York City in April, to Germany in December and to San Francisco itself in November 1996. By that time, another one of these sorts of operas—*Juice*—will no doubt be premiering somewhere. ■

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HUMBUG: Gustafsson and Wahlgren

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Nastiness
player, D

By CHRIS

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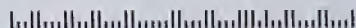
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UNITED STATESLulu's Erotic
Little SisterLolita, the latest operatic
siren, still needs a composer

THROUGHOUT VLADIMIR NABOKOV's *Lolita* the prose chimes with music. How appropriate, then, that Rodion Schedrin, a Russian composer, has seized upon the novel for an opera. Schedrin's *Lolita*, which received its world premiere at the Royal Opera in Stockholm last month, runs four hours; unfortunately, the novel has more music on a single page.

Schedrin's lazy, impotent score is loutish when it is not downright sullen. The finale—in which the degenerate playwright Quilty scrambles around his mansion in a drugged stupor, stopping to pound out a few chords on his piano before Humbert Humbert (Per-Arne Wahlgren) shoots him—is a scene worthy of Shostakovich in his manic, trumpets-and-snare-drums mode, but



CONSTITUENTS: Orin portrays Milk's political rise in a gay neighborhood, the Castro

MUSIC

Moses in San Francisco

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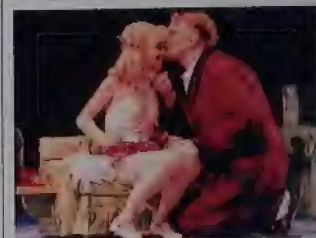
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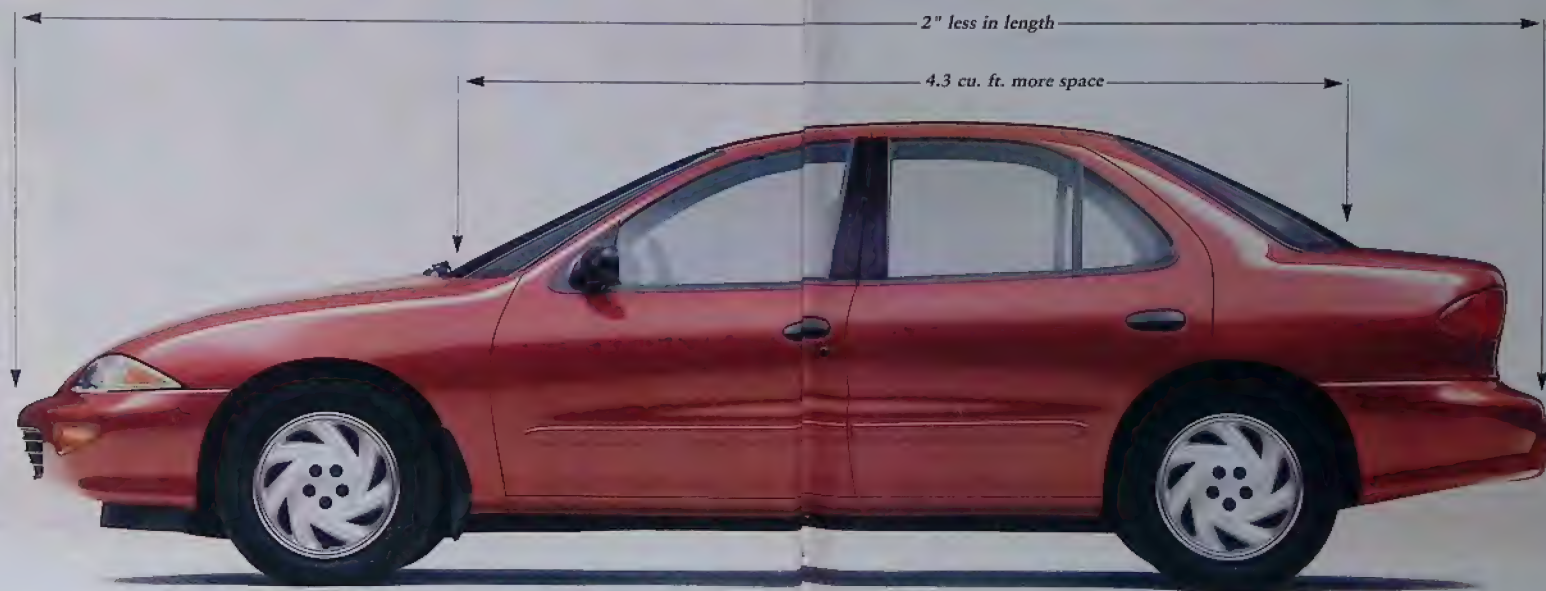


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■ CINEMA

Jackie Can!

Do death-defying stunts!
Break all his bones!
Reign as Asia's No. 1 star!

By RICHARD CORLISS

SOME MOVIE STARS MEASURE their worth by how many millions of dollars they make. Jackie Chan, Asian action-star extraordinaire, measures his by how many of his bones he has fractured while executing his films' incredible stunts. Let him count the breaks: "My skull, my eyes, my nose three times, my jaw, my shoulder, my chest, two fingers, a knee—everything from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet." Chan broke an ankle while jumping onto a moving Hovercraft in his new film, *Rumble in the Bronx*, which opened in time for Chinese New Year last week. Fans queued up around the world.

So who is Jackie Chan? In the U.S., only a figure with a small if intense cult. His volcanic comedies are not shown on the pay-movie channels, not released in theaters except for the rare showcase, like the "Super Jackie" retrospective now at New York City's Cinema Village. But back home in Hong Kong—throughout Asia, in fact, and in South America and Australia—Chan is movie-action incarnate. He has made 40 films since 1976, when he was promoted as the new Bruce Lee. Now, at 40, Chan is that and more: the last good guy and, arguably, the world's best-loved movie star.

In American terms he's a little Clint Eastwood (actor-director), a dash of Gene Kelly (imaginative choreographer), a bit of Jim Carrey (rubbery ham) and a lot of the silent-movie clowns: Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd. Says Chan fan Sylvester Stallone: "Jackie has elongated a genre that had grown pretty stale. He's infused films with humor and character-driven story while giving audiences these extraordinary stunts that are unparalleled anywhere in the world."

In Hollywood, special visual effects define the action film. In Hong Kong, stunts—the human body spinning and bending without a computer's help—define

the Chan film. By displaying his death-baiting acrobatic virtuosity, he has returned the action movie to the actor. "Audiences know that if they want special effects, they go see Schwarzenegger," he says. "If they want a tough movie, they go see Sly. If they want an action movie, they choose Jackie Chan—because I do a lot of things that normal people can't do."

To cross a busy street, normal people might go to the corner and wait for the green. Not Jackie. Standing on a balcony in his *Police Story II*, he jumps onto a truck going one way, onto a double-decker bus going the other way and then through a window into the second floor of the villain's headquarters.

In his biggest hits (*Drunken Master*, *Project A*, *Police Story*, *The Armour of God*) and their sequels, Chan has scooted across

burning coals, eaten red-hot chili peppers, swallowed industrial alcohol. He has bounced down a hill inside a giant beach ball and leaped from a mountaintop onto a passing hot-air balloon. As weapons he has used bicycles, rickshas, chairs, plates, a hat rack, a ketchup dispenser, overhead fans and Chinese folding fans. Bad guys have departed him, strapped a ton of TNT to his body, doused and scalded him, set him afire, dumped him down a well, hanged him naked in the town square. There's a truly masochistic resilience at work here: Jackie takes a licking and keeps on kicking.

Chan—whose Chinese screen name, Sing Lung, translates as "becoming the dragon"—is so fearless as to seem, by mere human standards, senseless. In *Police Story* he hitches a ride on a speeding bus by running up from behind, hooking an umbrella

handle onto a window ledge and hanging on while fighting off a brood of bad guys. (Gape in envy, Keanu Reeves!) In *The Armour of God II: Operation Condor* he drives his motorcycle off a riverside pier and leaps off in midair to catch onto the net of a passing mechanical crane. (Page your stunt double, Mr. Seagal!) In *Project A*, improving on the clock-tower hanging scene from Lloyd's *Safety Last*, Chan falls from the sky-high tower through two awnings and crashes to earth—on his head. (Tiptoe away, Lloyd's of London.)

The Asian audience gasps at these scenes but never doubts them, because everyone knows Jackie does his own stunts—including some (the coals, the peppers, the industrial alcohol) that suggest Method acting taken to the edge of madness. Lest doubts linger, his films provide

instant replays from different angles. Under the closing credits are outtakes showing blown stunts, with comic or near tragic results. Executing a fairly routine jump in Yugoslavia for *The Armour of God*, he missed a tree branch, hit his head on a rock and almost died. Chan has a memento of the accident: a thimble-size hole in the right side of his head. If you ask nicely, he'll let you put your finger in it.

That's pure Jackie—an engaging presence offscreen and on who, unlike other cinema studs, projects no roiling torment, no existential grudge against the world. He seems a contented guy. And why not? A movie actor since he was seven, stunt man in a Bruce Lee movie at 18, and now Asia's No. 1 star, he is in total control of his films: supervising the stunts, singing the theme songs and, on 11 pictures, directing.

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TIME

Chan has top onto a > a savvy nedies

Chan can be Miracle (also of father and se), a kind of s Lady for a icking shots, witty use of erican view-k interludes no harder to wween dance fers movies. a numbers—ricately de-id feet—that id auteur. lent masters language of humor and imple, so flu-ay are easily o don't speak

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■ CINEMA

Jackie Chan

Do death-Break all, Reign as

By RICHARD

SOME M their w lions c Jackie t extraordinair many of his t while executi stunts. Let h "My skull, m times, my jaw, my shoulder, my chest, two fingers, a knee—everything from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet." Chan broke an ankle while jumping onto a moving Hovercraft in his new film, *Rumble in the Bronx*, which opened in time for Chinese New Year last week. Fans queued up around the world.

So who is Jackie Chan? In the U.S., only a figure with a small if intense cult. His volcanic comedies are not shown on the pay-movie channels, not released in theaters except for the rare showcase, like the "Super Jackie" retrospective now at New York City's Cinema Village. But back home in Hong Kong—throughout Asia, in fact, and in South America and Australia—Chan is movie-action incarnate. He has made 40 films

since 1976, when he was promoted as the new Bruce Lee. Now, at 40, Chan is that and more: the last good guy and, arguably, the world's best-loved movie star.

In American terms he's a little Clint Eastwood (actor-director), a dash of Gene Kelly (imaginative choreographer), a bit of Jim Carrey (rubbery ham) and a lot of the silent-movie clowns: Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd. Says Chan fan Sylvester Stallone: "Jackie has elongated a genre that had grown pretty stale. He's infused films with humor and character-driven story while giving audiences these extraordinary stunts that are unparalleled anywhere in the world."

In Hollywood, special visual effects define the action film. In Hong Kong, stunts—the human body spinning and bending without a computer's help—define

the Chan film. By displaying his death-baiting acrobatic virtuosity, he has returned the action movie to the actor. "Audiences know that if they want special effects, they go see Schwarzenegger," he says. "If they want a tough movie, they go see Sly. If they want an action movie, they choose Jackie Chan—because I do a lot of things that normal people can't do."

To cross a busy street, normal people might go to the corner and wait for the green. Not Jackie. Standing on a balcony in his *Police Story II*, he jumps onto a truck going one way, onto a double-decker bus going the other way and then through a window into the second floor of the villain's headquarters.

In his biggest hits (*Drunken Master*, *Project A*, *Police Story*, *The Armour of God*) and their sequels, Chan has scooted across

burning coals, eaten red-hot chili peppers, swallowed industrial alcohol. He has bounced down a hill inside a giant beach ball and leaped from a mountaintop onto a passing hot-air balloon. As weapons he has used bicycles, rickshas, chairs, plates, a hat rack, a ketchup dispenser, overhead fans and Chinese folding fans. Bad guys have depantsed him, strapped a ton of TNT to his body, doused and scalded him, set him afire, dumped him down a well, hanged him naked in the town square. There's a truly masochistic resilience at work here: Jackie takes a licking and keeps on kicking.

Chan—whose Chinese screen name, Sing Lung, translates as "becoming the dragon"—is so fearless as to seem, by mere human standards, senseless. In *Police Story* he hitches a ride on a speeding bus by running up from behind, hooking an umbrella

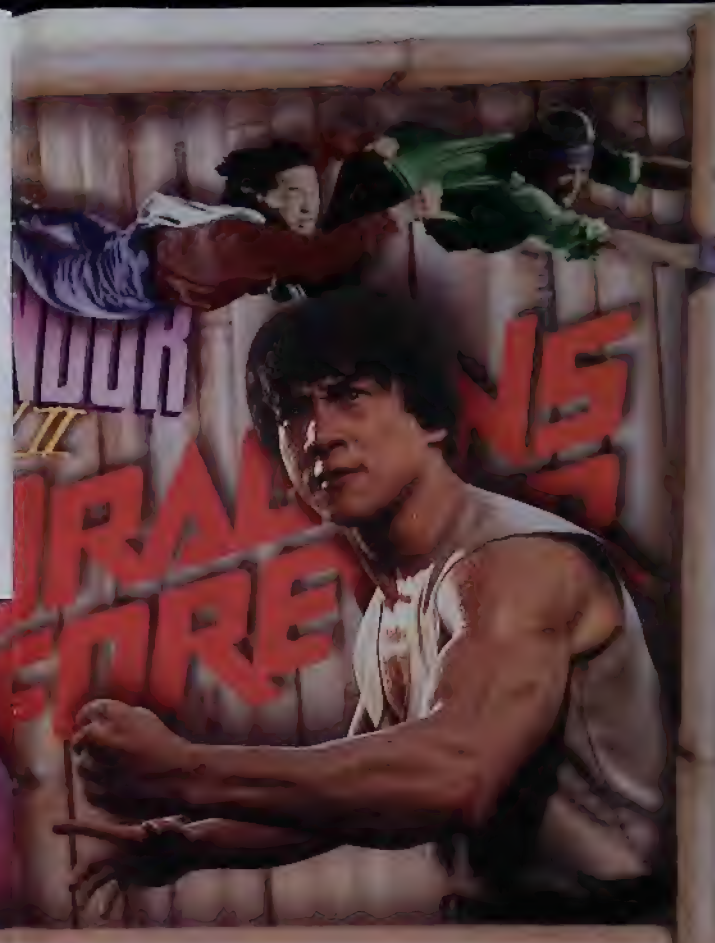
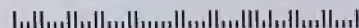
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SYLVESTER CHAPLIN: Chan has jumped from a mountaintop onto a hot-air balloon; he is also a savvy student of silent-film comedies

As a visual stylist, Chan can be brisk or suave. His 1989 *Miracle* (also known as *The Chinese Godfather* and *Mr. Canton and Lady Rose*), a kind of remake of Frank Capra's *Lady for a Day*, revels in supple tracking shots, elegant montages and a witty use of the wide screen. An American viewer may find the slapstick interludes overdone, but they are no harder to take than the scenes between dance routines in Astaire-Rogers movies. And it's in his production numbers—those double-time, intricately designed ballets of fists and feet—that Chan is unique, as star and auteur.

Chan's study of the silent masters taught him the universal language of film: action and passion, humor and heart. His movies are so simple, so fluid, so exuberant that they are easily understood by people who don't speak Cantonese. Just ask the Jackie fans who track down his movies in the Chinatowns of U.S. cities or visit specialized video stores. "Jackie Chan's work is as popular with our customers as anything by Orson Welles or Francis Coppola," says Meg Johnson, buyer for Videots, a smart Santa Monica outlet. Finding a Chan film under its multiplicity of titles is one challenge. Another can be watching it, in washed-out, nth-generation dupes with indifferent dubbing or Japanese subtitles (or none at all) and with the sides of the wide-screen images lopped off.

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handle onto a window ledge and hanging on while fighting off a brood of bad guys. (Gape in envy, Keanu Reeves!) In *The Armour of God II: Operation Condor* he drives his motorcycle off a riverside pier and leaps off in midair to catch onto the net of a passing mechanical crane. (Page your stunt double, Mr. Seagal!) In *Project A*, improving on the clock-tower hanging scene from Lloyd's *Safety Last*, Chan falls from the sky-high tower through two awnings and crashes to earth—on his head. (Tiptoe away, Lloyd's of London.)

The Asian audience gasps at these scenes but never doubts them, because everyone knows Jackie does his own stunts—including some (the coals, the peppers, the industrial alcohol) that suggest Method acting taken to the edge of madness. Lest doubts linger, his films provide

instant replays from different angles. Under the closing credits are outtakes showing blown stunts, with comic or near tragic results. Executing a fairly routine jump in Yugoslavia for *The Armour of God*, he missed a tree branch, hit his head on a rock and almost died. Chan has a memento of the accident: a thimble-size hole in the right side of his head. If you ask nicely, he'll let you put your finger in it.

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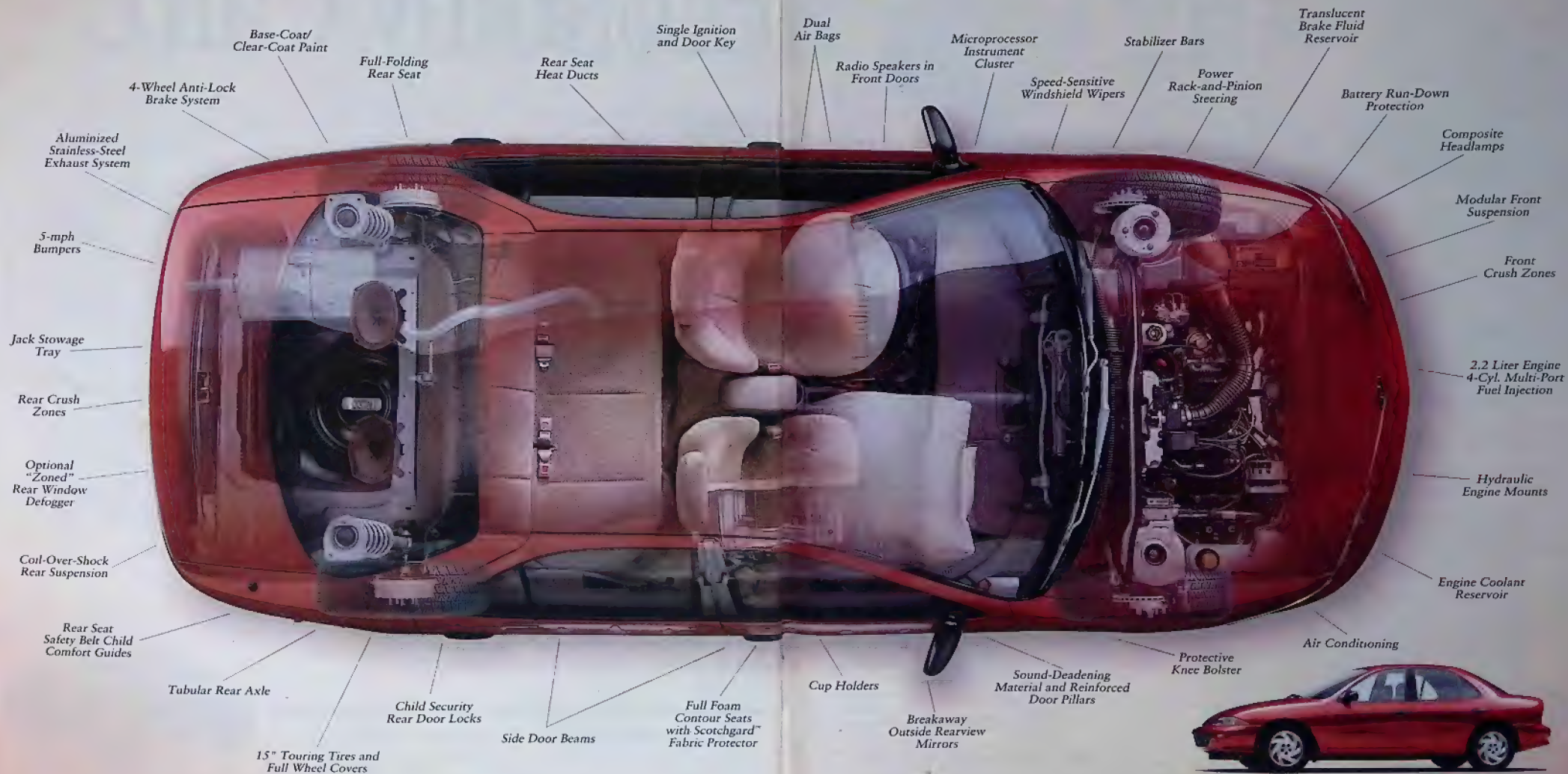


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PEOPLE

By **GINIA BELLAFANTE**

She Took Manhattan

Showing off a sleek new coif for evening that required a liberal amount of gel, the **PRINCESS OF WALES** arrived in New York City last week to present an award to *Harper's Bazaar* editor **LIZ TILBERIS** at a ceremony sponsored by the Council of Fashion Designers of America. Stylemakers and supermodels, including Claudia Schiffer, gushed over Diana's new look, while rumors continued to swirl that she was planning to move to New York and work for *Bazaar*. Clearly, that would suit model Lauren Hutton, who shouted, "We want you here!" to the princess in the middle of her speech.



So Who Needs Hugh Grant?

During his six years as Senate majority leader, Maine's **GEORGE MITCHELL** never presented himself as one of Congress's more magnetic leaders. But the publicly stolid statesman, who gave up his seat last year, must have maintained a very different dating persona. In an upcoming *Vanity Fair* interview, Mitchell's new wife **HEATHER MACLACHLAN**, formerly an agent for tennis pros, recalls their first meeting this way: "Right away he seemed so special. I could sense his individuality, his sense of humor. It was obvious that he had so much confidence in himself as a human being and as a man."

SEEN & HEARD



Add **Michelle Pfeiffer** to the list of actresses who will never belt the words *Don't Cry for Me,*

Argentina. Pfeiffer rejected the role of Eva Peron in the much delayed screen version of *Evita* because she wanted to spend time with her new family. Madonna and Meryl Streep had also been considered to play the wife of Argentine dictator Juan Peron. New possibilities include

Patricia Arquette, star of *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3*.

Middle-aged renegade **Mickey Rourke** and his wife, model Carre Otis, have come to value the sanctity of marriage. The couple, separated



since Otis accused Rourke of physically abusing her, are now "very happy," said a Rourke-Otis spokesman, "like lovebirds."



Charles Krauthammer

History Hijacked

IT TOOK MORE THAN A YEAR, BUT IN THE END COMMON sense and fear of Congress prevailed: the Smithsonian Institution canceled the exhibit it had planned at Washington's National Air and Space Museum to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima. The exhibit, whose theme was American vengefulness and Japanese suffering in World War II, had led outraged veterans' groups to engage in endless negotiations with the curators to produce a script of at least minimal dignity and respect for history.

My reading of the exhibit script last August led me to a different conclusion. I figured that with curators who could describe the Pacific war thus: "For most Americans ... it was a war of vengeance. For most Japanese, it was a war to defend their unique culture against Western imperialism," there was no point in negotiating. You don't amend such tendentious anti-Americanism. You kill it. You scrap the 600-page commentary and follow the advice of General Paul Tibbets, pilot of the plane that dropped the bomb: display the restored *Enola Gay* in reverent silence, with only a few lines explaining what it did and when.

Last week Smithsonian secretary Michael Heyman did exactly that. No doubt alarmed by the fact that 81 Congressmen had written in protest and that hearings were being planned on this exhibit and perhaps other trash-America exhibits at Smithsonian museums, he announced that Air and Space would display the *Enola Gay* with only a simple explanation of its mission and a video memoir of the crew.

It was a victory for good sense. It was marred, however, by the way Heyman justified the cancellation. He claimed that in principle it was a mistake to combine a historical commemoration with historical analysis. This in itself is a dubious proposition, but Heyman compounded the damage with his elaboration that "veterans and their families ... were not looking for analysis, and, frankly, we did not give enough thought to the intense feelings such an analysis would evoke."

The idea that the men who stormed Iwo Jima and withstood the Kamikazes are creatures too tender to tolerate analysis of the war they fought is more than patronizing. It is intellectually dishonest. The vets would have welcomed analysis of the Pacific war that was minimally accurate, that gave due attention to Japanese depredations and American sacrifice, that was not corrupted by such revisionist nonsense as the suggestion that we might not have dropped the bomb on Nazi Germany because Germans are white. The issue is not that veterans can-

not stand analysis but that the analysis offered by the Smithsonian was a disgrace.

And not the first such disgrace. Four years ago, the National Museum of American Art produced an exhibition on America's westward expansion that mined every artifact for evidence of white racism and rapacity. Former Librarian of Congress Daniel Boorstin called the show "perverse, historically inaccurate, destructive." These exhibits are not accidents. They reflect the extent to which the forces of political correctness and historical revisionism, having captured the universities, have now moved out to dominate our museums and other institutions of national culture.

The Republican revolutionaries in Congress have bravely pledged to put a stop to this. They promise, for example, to eliminate such federally subsidized beachheads of the academic left as the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities. (The NEA, you will remember, funded *Piss Christ* and the Mapplethorpe show. The NEH, more recently, helped fund U.S. history standards that contained 19 references to Joe McCarthy and McCarthyism, and not one to Robert E. Lee or Thomas Edison or the Wright brothers.) The endowments' grantees of progressive and independent vision live, of course, at the teat of the taxpayer, a parasitism the new Congress promises to end.

These promises will soon be broken. Even revolutionaries don't like to be called philistines. There is already talk of compromise. Congress will probably make a few symbolic cuts and declare victory. It will have achieved nothing. As soon as this storm passes, the grass will grow back.

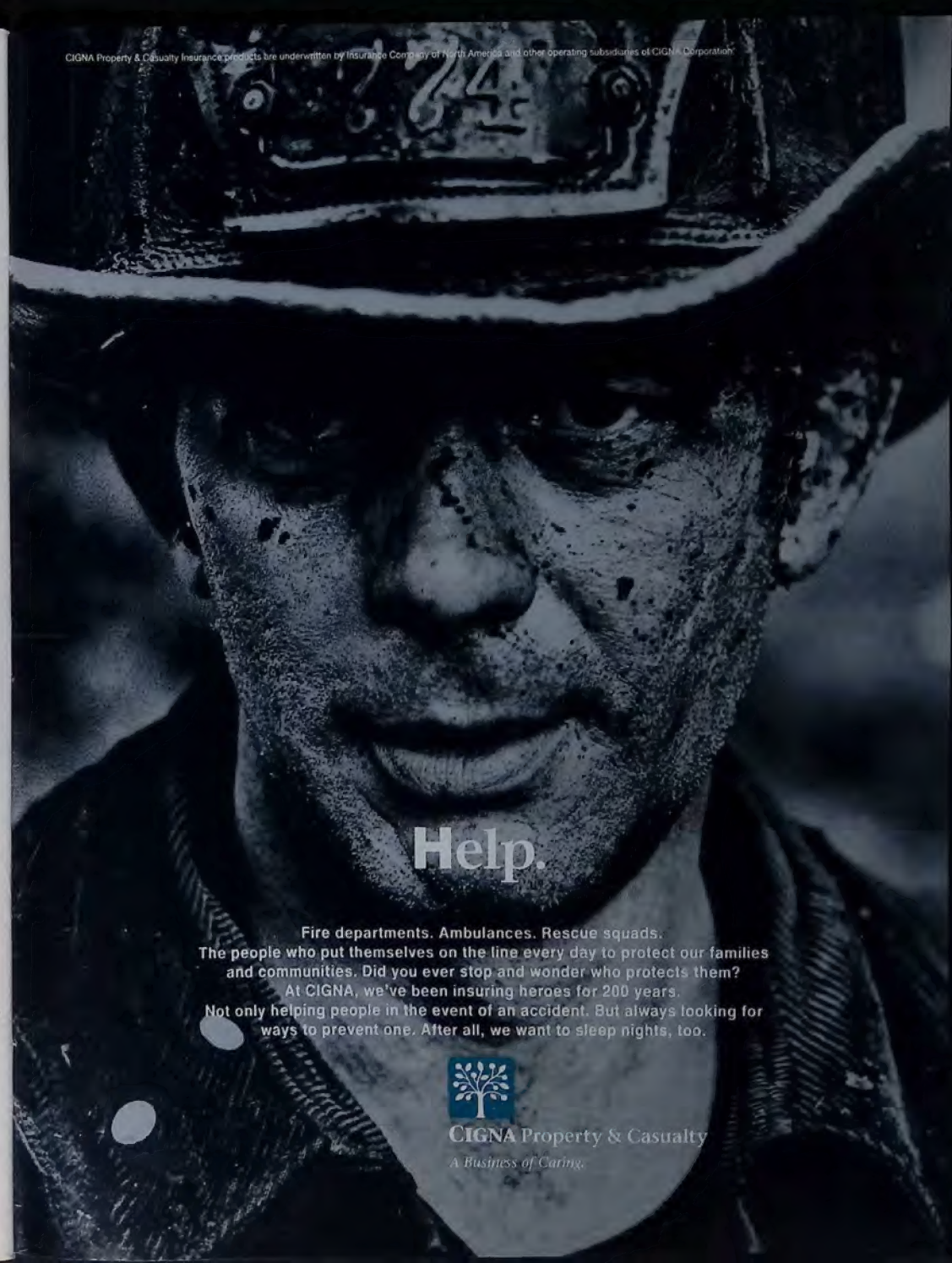
Conservatives on the Hill seem unable to make the principled argument that while government ought not police the arts and the humanities, government has absolutely no obligation to subsidize the academic left or, as with the *Enola Gay*, offer it the platform of the country's most revered national institutions.

Academics and artists have every right—and every commercial incentive—to outrage the bourgeoisie and undermine its values and history. Bourgeois society, on the other hand, has no obligation to collaborate in its own undermining. Why can the vaunted revolutionaries of the new Congress not make that simple case?

The *Enola Gay* affair has given the American people a rare glimpse into the corruption of our institutions of national culture. Perhaps our timid revolutionaries will use the upcoming hearings on this fiasco to show some courage: call cultural corruption by its name and cut off the subsidy. Not cut—cut off. Zero out. Let heads, and agencies, roll. ■



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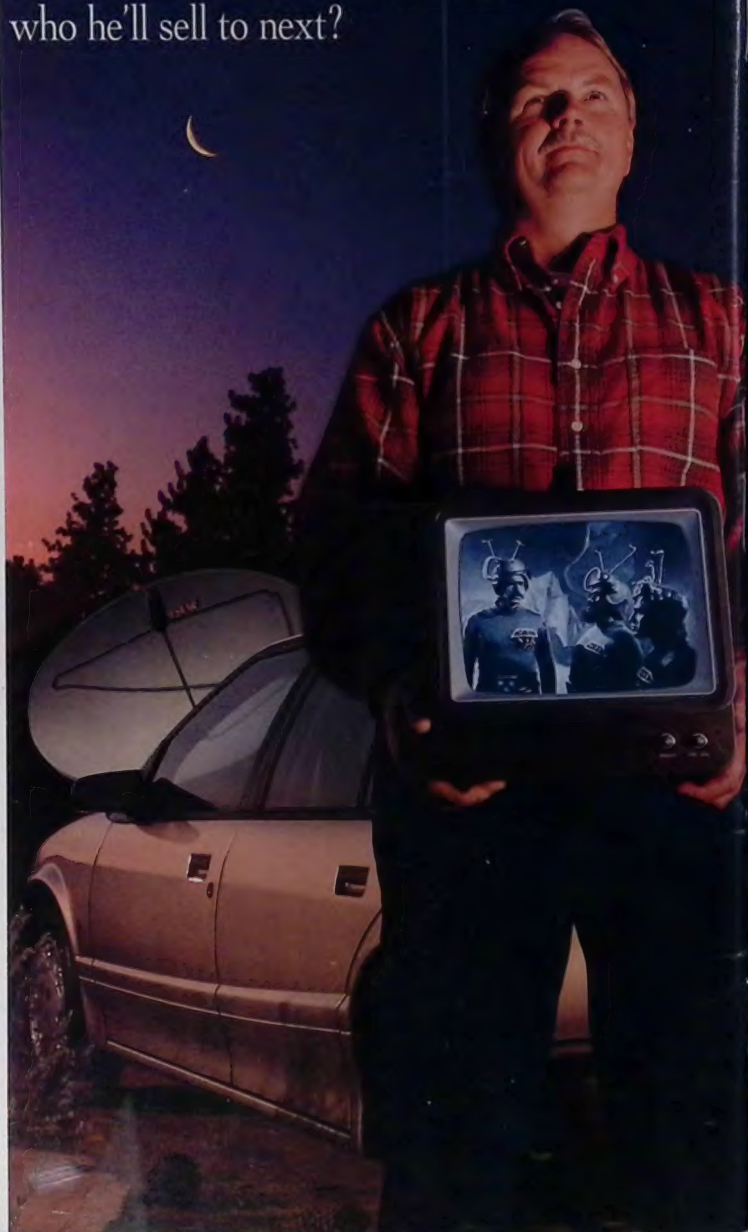
Needless to say, his customers are always amazed at how he gets to them. So as he takes out his collapsible satellite dish, he shows off his Saturn. Not so surprisingly, in the last couple years, Dean's sold 2,034 dishes...and six Saturns.

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